NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1877. | VOLUME XXIV.—No. 47. Price Ten Cents.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Silken tights of dazzling colors,
Tempting shoulders warm and white,
With a wealth of limbs and bosoms
Quivering in the calcium's light;
Throngs of fair, angelic beings
Arm-in-arm with "clods" and "fiends;"
Over all a noise and bustle—
Thus it is "behind the scenes."

"Clear the stage!" "Ring up the curtain!"
See the ballet, whirling fast,
Glittering like a lunar rainbow
In a semi-circle vast.
"See you coryphee bewitching—
Let me worship at her feet!"
Nay, my friend, restrain your ardor,
Or you'll soon be in the street!

"Watch the King, so bravely warring,
Note his realms beyond the sea;
Note the Duchess with her jewels,
And how glad the Prince must be,
Resting on a bank of lilies
Bathed in tender amethyst lights"—
Aye, but you would soon be weary
Doing it a hundred nights.

Now the plot begins to thicken,
Soon the Fiend will seize his bride;
There he is behind the bushes,
Crouching at the "O. P. side."
When he takes her down to Hades,
Calm yourself, be not enraged—
In the world beyond the footlights
They are said to be "engaged."

Though the Knight attacks the Demon,
And his life with pleasure ends,
Doing sanguinary marvels,
Yet they are the best of friends.
Would you know these mystic people?
Change your theories for facts?
You should meet them in the green-room,
Chatting there between the acts.

There they show their real natures,
Natures that are known to few;
Some, perhaps, are warped, but mainly
They are worthy, kind and true.
Malice, treachery, and falsehood
With its thousand nameless spleens,
Dwell far more in other places
Than they do behind the scenes.

EDWARD E. KIDDER.

LILY MELVILLE,
OR THE HAND OF FATE.

A Thrilling Story of Intrigue, Deceit, and Love.

CHAPTER XIX.

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination.—SHAKESPEARE.

Though, as Sir Ralph and that admirable governess Miss Lucas had declared, there was positively nothing in Mr. Clarence Clifford's conduct or bearing to take offense at, still, for some reason unexplainable to herself even, Miss Lilian Melville was irritated, annoyed, piqued by the overpatience and stone-like immovability of her tutor.

"What is he, flesh and blood?" she asked herself, as she stood before her mirror in her dressing-room during the last few moments before retiring to her bed-chamber, adjoining. "Kate is bad enough, but one can endure her—she is a woman; but a man to treat one like a child! It is unendurable."

Her pout suddenly changed to a kindlier and more gentle expression.

"Perhaps, poor fellow, he has had some great trouble, something that has changed him from a light-hearted youth to the still, grave and stern man he is. He—he is very handsome," she continued musingly, glancing at her own face at the moment. "Perhaps some love affair —— But there, papa would be shocked, and with reason, if he could see me conjecturing at the why and wherefore of Mr. Clifford's gravity. But still I am half inclined to put it down to an affair de la cœur."

With which conclusion the lovely girl retired to sleep, and dream, much to her annoyance, of the dark, mournful face, and grave, musical voice she had been musing over. It was a singular dream. She fancied that by some ill-fate or other she was cast out to walk through the darkness of a cold, dreary night, with nothing to help or guide her but a small, twinkling, star-like lamp. She dreamt that she had toiled on along the top of a huge hill, seeking vainly for succor, hoping against hope for light, when a voice, sounding deep, deep, below her, called her name:

"Lily! Lily!" thrice.

She looked down into a deep abyss, and, by the light of her tiny lamp, saw a dark figure, a man's form, whence the voice came again, calling:

"Hold up the lamp, my star, I come!"

She fancied she held the lamp above her head, still looking down, and waited. The figure struggled and fought his way up a tangled and rock-strewn path, she watching him all the while with anxious, beating heart, and that at last he came up and clasped her to his heart. The lamp grew from a star into a beautiful light-giving moon, and, bathed in its rays and the happiness of that embrace, she looked up and saw the face above her was—the tutor's! She awoke, and was very much annoyed, and, woman-like, vented her annoyance upon Mr. Clifford.

He was waiting in the library as usual, that morning, the Italian books at his elbow and his pen in his hand, and she kept him waiting a quarter of an hour, and when she entered he was engaged in an interesting conversation with Miss Lucas, which she carried on, as if entirely oblivious of anyone else's presence, for another five minutes. Then, as if the idea of his standing waiting for her morning salutation had just occurred to her, she turned, sank into a chair opposite his, and with a most nonchalant of nods said:

"Good morning, Mr. Clifford. (So you think that the rose is the prettier of the two, Kate? Well, I will tell John to buy it.) You are tired of waiting, I have no doubt, but I have been—let me see—the grammar first this morning, is it not?"

And, without waiting for an answer, opened her book and set to work.

His grave, handsome face was quite unmoved, his eyes showed no surprise at her unusual brusqueness—unusual for him was generally quietly polite—and in his ordinary earnest way he commenced the lesson.

She was not only careless but irritable, contradicted him on several occasions, always wrongfully, said that she had not had time to study as she expected, that the grammar was a ridiculous one, and the exercises stupid!

He raised his eyes at the summary of ills, and said in his low, musical voice:

"Italian is the most musical language on earth, this grammar is the best arranged and most lucid, these exercises are all that could be desired. Miss Melville, the fault, if any, lies with me; I fear I make but an indifferent teacher."

His tone was so sad in its dignified gravity that a flood of repentance swept all the caprice from Lillian's heart in a moment.

"No!" she said, flushing a bright crimson that made her look more like an English rose than a lily. "Do not say that. You know it is not true. The books are all right, and so is the Italian, and you try to and would teach me if I could learn. It is I who am ignorant, ignorant and ill-tempered."

And with that declaration, uttered in an uncontradictable tone, she took up the book again, and, as was to be expected, finished her task properly. His look showed no elation as he put the books together, rose, and opened the door; and Lillian's pride, impetuous, caprice—call it what you will—sprang to the surface again. With an icy "Good-morning!" she swept past him. Miss Lucas followed, and Mr. Clifford shut the door, nearly stumbling over Don, who lay there waiting for him. He stopped to speak to him, and Lilian, looking back at the moment, called the dog.

"Don! come here!"

But Don would not turn his head, and still gazed straight up to his new friend with great, staring, honest eyes. Miss Lilian was very fond of her dog, and was very jealous of his attachment for this tutor of hers. The tears actually sprang to her eyes when she saw her favorite had gone over to the enemy, as at that moment in her heart she dubbed Mr. Clifford.

"Don! Don!—come here, sir!"

Still the dog did not move, and Mr. Clifford, looking up with something like the shadow of a smile upon his lips, said:

"Go, Don!—go, sir!"

The dog rose instantly, and leisurely walked towards his mistress. Mr. Clifford ascended the stairs, and before he had reached the corridor he heard Miss Melville's voice speaking coldly to one of the men-servants.

"James, tie Don up to his kennel. He is not to be trusted."

A contraction almost of pain swept over the tutor's face, and his lips grew more compressed and stern.

"Capricious, wantonly cruel, proud, haughty, and yet so beautiful—so beautiful!" he murmured, closing the door of his room and sinking on to the sofa. "and yet so beautiful!"

He ate his solitary dinner, a frugal one by his express wish—he had not been used to expensive luxuries, he had told Mrs. Williams—and then went for a stroll in the park.

Along the side of the river to a deep, thick copse of fir and beech was his favorite walk, and thither, book in hand, he proceeded leisurely.

The children of the lodges and farms ran out as usual, to get his kindly nod and pleasant smile, and the mothers courtesied from the doors at the foreign gentleman who was so pleasant-spoken. Notwithstanding his gravity, he was a favorite with all save Miss Melville.

He stood looking at the river several times during the walk, thinking in his downcast, mournful way, and looking dreamily at it as it wended down towards the sea, as if it bore something of his own life upon its bosom. Then he resumed his book, and, reading and walking, reached the wood.

A little open glen of only a few feet, with some thick-growing moss and a fallen tree was his destination. Here, on this unfrequented spot, he threw himself on the grass, took the fallen trunk as a pillow, and fell to reading. But his thoughts were more interesting or dominant than his subject, for after a while the book was lowered and he fell to thinking.

A footstep roused him. He knew to whom it belonged.

He sprang to his feet quietly, and, pushing Don down, raised his hat.

Lilian bowed, looking round as if in search of some one.

"Have you seen Miss Lucas, Mr. Clifford?" she asked.

"No," he said. "Did you expect to meet her here?"

"Well, not on this exact spot, but somewhere near. She stayed behind to get her embroidery, and arranged to walk across the park and meet me. I have been looking for her for the last quarter of an hour, and am quite tired." And with a half-laugh she lifted her hat and shook with one shake her glorious hair from off her brow. Mr. Clifford half-waived his hand to the old trunk.

"Here is a good seat," he said. "Will you not sit down?"

She hesitated for half a moment, just long enough for him to notice it, and then crossed over and sat down. If she thought or feared that he would remain with her tete-a-tete she was disappointed.

"While you are resting," he said, picking up his book, "I will try and find Miss Lucas."

She rose immediately.

"No," she said; "I will not allow that. That would be driving you from your seat."

"I shall not mind that," he said quietly. "I will send Miss Lucas here to you."

"No," she said; "stay, if you please, or I will go and find her myself. I could not think of disturbing you."

The tone more than the words was too much of a command for him to disobey, and with a slight bow he resumed his seat and his book.

"What are you reading?" asked Lilian after remaining silent for nearly three minutes, and driven to desperation by the set calm of his downcast face.

"A volume of poems," he said, closing the volume over his thumb.

"Whose?" she asked.

"One Carlino Vetuni's," he replied.

"I don't know them," she said. "Are they in English?"

"No; in Italian," he said.

"And are they good?"

"Beautiful—very beautiful!"

She looked wistfully at the book.

"How I should like to read them. Your tone makes me curious. Who was he?"

"No one knows," replied the tutor; "his name was but a borrowed one. Whence he came, where he died, are mysteries."

There was a touch of bitterness that did not escape the quick ears of the beautiful listener.

"You make me more curious still," she said. "Will you read me a verse?"

He hesitated for a moment, as she had hesitated when he had asked her to sit down, then in his grave voice read her a verse.

"How sweet it sounds!" she said. "I wish I could understand. Do you know I feel certain, although I know nothing yet of Italian, that you read it to the manner born? Can you not translate it for me?"

He shook his head with a slight smile.

"It is untranslatable," he said.

"'Love came hand in hand with Hope, space,
To whisper to the sick man's heart;
Sweeter than the myrtle was Love's face,
But Hope and he are long since part.'"

"You have spoilt it," she said, shaking her head. "I know it," he replied. "It is music in Italian—rough, wild discord in English."

There was a moment's pause, and he had almost opened his book when Lilian spoke again.

"Are you an Italian, Mr. Clifford?" she asked.

He looked at her earnestly for a moment, and she thought that a slight flush had stained his dark face.

"No," he said; "I think not."

"You think not!" she repeated, opening her innocent, childlike eyes to their fullest extent. "Do you not know?"

"No, Miss Melville," he said; and something in his voice made her afraid to push her inquiry farther.

"You are fond of reading. I have thought you might be dull all alone in those grim rooms of yours. Pray, do you dislike society?"

"No," he said; "but society must dislike me. We have nothing in common, Miss Melville. I am too used to solitude to feel happy in the exchange of the drawing-room civilities, and —"

"Falsehoods," she said, interrupting him with a smile.

"No," he said; "I did not say that."

"You would find us—papa and ourselves, I mean—almost as good as solitude; we are very quiet," she added with a slight hesitation. "I am sure you are dull upstairs, and papa would be glad of your company, he sees so little change."

She paused for the invitation. He knew it, and he knew it—in simple kindness of spirit, and her face neither flushed nor was averted before his calm, grave regard.

"I thank you," he said. "If I have remained in my own apartments more than I might have done, it was from no desire to intrude upon Sir Ralph's kindness. I will do myself the honor of dining with you to-morrow."

She inclined her head.

"Papa will be pleased. What a beautiful little book this is! How did you discover it?"

"I did not know," he replied, looking round. "In one of my walks. I generally make it my resting-place; it is quiet and shaded. This old tree serves for a leaning-place, and the birds are musical."

She looked at him, and it was on the tip of her tongue to say:

"And do you happy here?" but the old something, the nameless, mournful dignity, prevented her. "Well, I almost envy you your retreat."

"I relinquish it on the spot," he said quite gravely; "it is yours from this hour, Miss Melville."

"I shall never enter it again," she said at once, and with emphasis. "I would not break its charm by lessening its solitude. It is yours, Mr. Clifford, and it shall remain so."

He inclined his head.

"There are some hundreds of others equally retired and beautiful."

"Then I will find one," she said.

"I was going to say that I would take one as a substitute," he added.

She laughed.

"No; this is yours. I would not accept it."

He rose.

"While you are resting I will go in search of Miss Lucas," he said, and this time Lilian did not detain him—indeed, she seemed to have forgotten that she had ever refused to permit him.

He walked on to

NEW YORK CLIPPER.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

R. CARY, Harrison.—The rules adopted by clubs in different sections differ upon the point. According to the Prairie Club rules, a bird must show shot-marks if challenged, and a bird alighting on a tree or building within the bounds is a lost bird. According to New York rules, a bird that (not having been out of bounds) alights on a tree, fence or building within bounds must be scored as a dead bird, if recovered within the time allowed for retrieving—generally from three to five minutes. A bird that once flies outside the boundary, whether it returns or not, is by all rules a lost bird.

COUNSELOR.—"The School for Scandal," which was probably acted for the first time in America at the Johnstreet Theatre, in this city, Dec. 16, 1785, was then cast as follows: Sir Peter Teazle, Mr. Henry; Sir Oliver Surface, Mr. Morris; Joseph Surface, Mr. Wignell; Charles Surface, Mr. Harper; Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mr. Biddle; Crabtree, Mr. Heard; Rowley, Mr. Wools; Moses, Mr. Ryan; Lady Teazle, Mrs. Morris; Lady Sneerwell, Mrs. Williamson; Mrs. Candour, Mrs. Harper; and Maria, Miss Tuke.

T. C., Louisville.—Be kind enough to cite the instance in which this or any other paper has ever deliberately said that four fives with a jack turned up will not count 30 for the dealer. Read our answers last week to "Crib, Boston," and note especially the shades of difference between the several questions. The queries having been purposely framed to meet different contingencies, and to involve various interpretations of language, the answers could not possibly be alike.

BOXER, Phila.—The Marquis of Queensbury's rules for glove contests are not on sale in this country. A copy can be obtained through *Bell's Life* office. According to these, each set-to is to consist of two rounds of four minutes each, and a third of five minutes, with one minute time between each; the contest to be otherwise conducted as nearly as possible with the rules governing actual prize battles.

FORT HENRY.—1. It is not customary to make running-shoes in the way you mention. It would be of no advantage, commparatively, to the wearer to do so. Spring shanks are used in walking-shoes, and John Welsher of 152 South Orange avenue, Newark, N. J., is the principal maker in this country, claims that, with this addition, they are ten seconds faster per mile than the ordinary walking-shoe. 2. Don't know him at all.

L. W., Scott Hill.—We cannot give you Sayers' exact weight on the day he fought Heenan, for, as the men were not confined to weight, it was not officially announced; nor is it likely that either scaled on the day. In his challenge, however, Sayers stipulated that his authority or ours, we are not aware, that Sayers weighed 161lb. His ordinary fighting weight was 154lb.

J. S., Edinburg.—Horses owned respectively by C. Phelps and L. D. Holdridge, and driven to sleighs, came into collision at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in January, both animals receiving fatal injuries. The same accident happened in this city the same month, by which Foster Dewey's mare Lizzie and W. H. Harbeck's Windermere were fatally injured.

QUICKSTEP, St. Catherines.—1. The Stadt Theatre in this city is the largest in the United States, and it seats 3,015 persons. 2. The Boston (Mass.) Music Hall seats 2,800 persons. 3. The remains of J. Wilkes Booth were delivered to his brother Edwin and were buried in Baltimore (Md.) Cemetery. 4. Only in a rough-and-tumble, when Poole won.

FOOTBALL, St. Louis.—"A is a base-runner, and on second-base: B is at the bat, and one man is out. A starts for third-base as soon as he hears B hit the ball, which, however, is caught on the fly and A is declared out-baseman while *standing on his base*, and before A can return to touch the base. Of course that makes three out. Who is first to the bat now in failing?"—B.

J. W., New Britain.—1. If you are bow-legged you had better abandon the idea. 2 The more feats a trapeze performer does, the greater salary he would be likely to receive, other matters being equal. 3. The performance should not last longer than fifteen minutes. 3. From $25 per week upwards, according to merit and reputation and the engagement.

A. AND H., Wheeling.—The bet is to be governed by the express understanding between the parties. In this case there could be no plurality if it was understood that Hayes and Tilden were to be regarded as candidates, and A wins. There cannot be a plurality vote where all but two candidates are excluded.

MAUD.—There is no such thing as a blank card or joker in regular euchre; and in introducing that card into the game players should make their own rules. Common sense requires that a player who turns up the joker should look at his hand before announcing the trump; but in some coteries he is not permitted to do this.

AN OLD READER, St. Louis.—An Irish sketch for two persons would command $10 to $100, depending upon the reputation of the author who might write it. It could be copyrighted. 2. Wig and whiskers would cost about $8. 3. Fayette Welch is with Hooley's Minstrels, in Brooklyn, L. I.

HOWARD BOAT CLUB, Allegheny.—No one can say what would be the decision in such a case. The Constitution is a document of doubtful terms, and this particular matter would hinge upon the interpretation placed upon the word "appointed."

A CORESANT READER, Chicago.—1. Such an act should be successful. Try it in presence of a manager, and then solicit an engagement. 2. Take any salary that may be offered at first, and when your services is assured ask for an increase. 3. We cannot say. Write to him.

C. I. A., Louisville.—1. We never state the salary which any particular performer receives. 2. He is married. 3. White and Buckley never worked together at all. 4. We can not say. 5. It would take too much research to correctly get at the facts.

REPLAN, Chicago.—We have not seen that version. The characters may refer to directions for scenery or properties, if a detailed list is given in another portion of the book. They are not theatrical terms, and have nothing to do with the business of the piece.

G. W. ALLEN.—1. No authentic record. 2. F. Harmon can, we believe, be backed against anybody at either distance. 3. Hank Crandall, J. T. Crossley and Jack Moulton are all fine 100-yard men. 4. George Seward's record of 100 yards in 9¾ seconds was made in a standing-start race.

W. H. S., Chicago.—1. He has performed there. 2. Holman Howard. 2. No relation to person named. 3, 4. Cannot say. 5 Twenty-three years of age is not too old to adopt the stage. 6 Yes. 7. It is a mystery.

RICHMOND, Va.—The dealer's opponent could not object merely because he himself had seen the card the dealer was about to receive. If this was the only ground of objection, the objector is wrong.

J. D. C., North Vernon.—1. The package is to be handed to B, as Tilden did not receive 50,000 majority in N. Y. State. 2. Papers will be forwarded weekly to extent of money received.

C. M. S., Philadelphia.—Barry Sullivan has recovered from his late accident, and recently was acting in Dublin, Ireland. He will probably not visit this country next season.

THESPIAN, Toledo.—James A. Oates died in this city July 14, 1871. He was never divorced from his wife. His widow subsequently married Tracy Titus, and she was divorced from him.

SUBSCRIBER, E. Greenwich.—The jack counts, if there was no misdeal, until after it was turned—that is, if the misdeal did not occur until after the jack had been turned down.

FROLIC, Brooklyn.—There are ten by fifteens in 3, 3, 3, 6, 6, thus: The three threes and one six, three threes and the other six, and the two sixes with every one of the three different three-spots.

CHICAGO.—B, not having called C when he had the money to do so, is out of the pot, and has no claim on it. A, having no more money, is entitled to a sight from C, and, having the better hand, wins the lot.

F. C. P., Manchester.—We issue credentials to amusement correspondents only. We shall, however, be pleased to receive such fresh and interesting items as you may forward.

W. WATSON, Phila.—Jim Mace defeated Bob Travers, £200, in two rings, Feb. 21, 22, 1860. Six rounds were fought in the first, and fifty-seven in the second ring, the total time occupied being 1 hour and 52 minutes.

T. D., Halifax.—You could not get an engagement in any properly conducted variety act; the characters are unsuited. You might get on for small parts at a salary of from $10 to $15 per week.

DECLINED.—"The Merry Times," "What is Life?" "Uncle Sam," "Old Eph," "The Dublin Emigrants," "The Darkies from the West," "Sankemonious Jake," "Tommy's Dream," "Sitting Bull," "The Moon was Red."

P. T. & Co., Fort Wayne.—Julia Mathews is dead, and the other person named is still traveling. We are unable to direct you how to proceed in the matter. The chances for your success are very slight.

E. G. W., Bridgehampton.—In the competitive rifle-shooting at Creedmoor, L. I., the regulations of the N. R. A. require contestants at distances up to 300 yards to shoot standing; above 300 and up to 800 yards, any position is allowed.

R. K. AND C. H., Easton.—A's profit was the difference between what he bought the horse for, and what he sold him for the second time—or $20.

G. F. C., Barre.—In 3 cards tailing 4, 3 and 5, A is entitled to a run of three. 2. B, in now adding a three, would not make a run.

OAK RIDGE, Milton.—It nothing was said about Cooper and Smith, A loses. If Cooper and Smith were expressly excluded, B loses.

CROMWELL, Yonkers.—You will recognize that an answer involves at best but a matter of opinion, and in this column we do not express ours.

BOOS, Jackson.—1. William Blacker, 7 and 9 Centre-market square, Newark, N. J., is the equal of any in that line. 2. Send for Ed. James' work. 3. It is so considered.

WM MARR, Sunshine.—Time is not officially taken on the running turf in England; consequently we cannot answer your question.

W. C. T., Galveston.—There is no process by which they can be removed, and none by which they can be rendered wholly invisible.

J. W., Whitehall.—Both are right, each from a different standpoint. Summer, in popular usage in this latitude, begins on June 1.

A CONSTANT READER, Richmond.—A counts the fifteen-ball, the ten-ball is to be spotted, and A will then resume play.

C. N., Danielsonville.—You had better consult them yourself, as their terms may be a matter of private contract.

R. F. F., Easton.—We have no acquaintance with any of those firms, and therefore cannot undertake to recommend any.

STAR.—1. We do not know his address. 2. Mary Wells acted some characters with Edwin Booth during his late engagement at the Lyceum Theatre, in this city.

F. W. S., Rochester.—You can get it through the Willmer & Rogers News Co., 31 Beekman street, this city; price, $14 per annum.

AQUATIC HAMILTON.—C. B. Elliott, Greenpoint, L. I.; John Kyle, 132d street and Harlem River, this city; E. Waters & Son, Troy, N. Y., manufacture paper-boats.

C. W., Louisville.—1. Address a letter to him in care of this office. 2. The Brooklyn Theatre will probably not be rebuilt.

H. W. R., Philadelphia.—The lady you name is married. We cannot give you her whereabouts. She no longer travels with the gentleman named.

BLACK CHIEF, Red House.—We keep no record of them when they are not traveling. Letters addressed in our care will reach them.

S. S. R. E.—It is considered very difficult. 2. One quail for thirty consecutive days. The eater can have them prepared as he pleases.

YANK STREET, Jersey City.—It is not usual to make such distinctions as "plural quantities" or "singular quantities."

OMAHA.—A player who has 63 without a "scratch" can claim a game at fifteen-ball pool. His opponent cannot compel him to play longer.

CONSTANT READER, Brantford.—There have been several "big frosts" at Portland, Me. Perhaps the greatest of these occurred on July 4, A. D. 1866.

J. B., Milwaukee.—The bill increasing the President's salary to $50,000 was adopted March 3, 1873. The Senate and the House were both Republican.

TIGHT-ROPE.—There is so little demand for tight-rope performers that we can give you no idea of what salary you could get.

A. T. H., Chicago.—No answers by mail. We answered you at the time, and now repeat that Miss Jennie Lee is residing in London, Eng.

P. H., Montreal.—1. Ventriloquists receive from $25 to $350 per week, according to reputation and merit. 2. We have no record.

J. R., Buffalo.—1. James Renforth, then champion of England. 2. We have no record of his death, but he is not now in the active pursuit of his profession. 3. It would.

ALF. R.—It was again treason on "Our Amusement Annals, No. 17," published by the issue of Feb. 3.

W. A. S., Guelph.—At the last U. S. census, St. Paul, Minn., had a population of 20,031.

CONSTANT MONKEY, Toronto.—It is a draw. Neither party is wholly right.

H. G. S., Detroit.—Three 4's, a 3, and a 5 count seventeen.

JAMES B. O'N., Fort Hall.—We have nothing like a complete list of such, nor is such a list published in full.

D. B., Boston.—Unless B has also a ten in his hand, he cannot help his 6er.

R. E.—Daniel O'Leary, the pedestrian, now in England, was born in Ireland.

OWNER RACER.—Having made a pile of seven, the player, before taking in that pile, can make another.

HAPPY JOHN.—A could not build his own "six" to "seven."

W. T.—Sancho goes out before pedro. That one is taken in before the other is immaterial.

NO SIGNATURE, Boston.—The third party has nothing to say.

QUERIE, Mitchell Co.—1. With No. 3, next vol. 2. There can be no calling for partner's best card at regular euchre.

NO SIGNATURE, Columbus.—A majority is the excess over one half the whole.

EUCHRE.—C having made the trump, D, his opponent, cannot go alone.

W. A. H. JR., Odessa.—1. No copies of that issue left. 2. The Heenan-Sayres fight ended in a draw.

J. J. D., Ottawa.—Write to them again. We know nothing of them further than that they advertised.

L. L.—A person in no way connected with the theatrical profession can become a member of the B. P. O. of Elks.

LILLIE, Philadelphia.—W. H. Otis died in Boston, Mass., Oct. 10, 1875.

J. R. O'N., Fort Hall.—We cannot say what has become of Charlotte Temple, the English giantess.

FRANKIE, Chicago.—Such performances might prove attractive.

H. S., Detroit.—Robert Stoepel is at the Lyceum Theatre, London, Eng.

H. R. H.—Address a letter to the lady in care of this office.

W. T., Merced.—Write to John D. Walker, president of the Billposters' Union, Buffalo, N. Y.

T. R. K., Boston.—Cooper & Bailey's International Circus is now in Australia.

WILLIAMS, Baltimore.—Having failed to beat 12, your opponent loses.

HART FINDLAY, Brooklyn.—The late Mme. Parepa Rosa was born in Edinburgh, Scotland.

BIAS.—We will make inquiry for it, and apprise you of the result.

R. D., Philadelphia.—Dan Rice is traveling in the South with his own show.

A. H. KEOKUK.—He is reading English, and also "American." It is wishes to call it the latter.

J. E., Quincy.—A player who is either ordered up or assisted cannot play alone at euchre.

MANY FRIENDS, Lawrenceburg.—We have not space to print card rules.

F. & B., Buffalo.—Choose any name that is different from that of any other social organization in your city.

S. C., Watertown.—We are not prepared to state positively.

C. D. M., Fort Smith.—Expires with No. 48, present vol ume.

MYSTIC, Chicago.—Any costumer who makes trick dresses can supply you with suits for mystic changes.

P. AND E. Fulton.—The parties you name never fought.

F. W., Detroit.—Byrne & Bryan, 431 Grand street, N. Y.

G. E., Fort Bridger.—If suitable, they will be accepted.

JOLLY JOE BANKS.—We presume it was not suitable.

OFFICER, Manch Chunk.—We cannot state positively.

J. W. H., Beloit.—It is not a "trampe" or "natural."

A. N. C., Bridgeport.—They did not come to hand.

MUSIC.—Apply to Ed. Harding, 229 Bowery, N. Y.

TORONTO, Phila.—Your friend is simply joyous.

PROFESSIONAL.—See our advertising columns.

BELOIT, Wis.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

CHICAGO.—High, low, jack, game, pedro.

BUILDER.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

HUSBAND.—No particular address.

M. H. D.—No.

TRUTH.—No.

CARNIVALS.

Of course we favor the proposed Mardi-Gras Carnival in this city. Why not? Carnivals are productive of merriment, and, therefore, help to make people healthy and wealthy and wise. Besides, they open up a new avenue to royalty, to advancement towards the king-row. Since last week's issue of THE CLIPPER we have been crowned with laurels; honors have *poured* in upon us; we have been made noble dukes by the Carnival-kings in Memphis, Tenn., and Montgomery, Ala., and now the Presidential question has lost all interest for us. We move in royal circles only, and employ our spare time in reading up the histories of monarchies and the rise and fall of kingly rulers. That our humble readers may see that we are not falsifying facts, we submit for their perusal the letters-patent of nobility which reached us last week. They will no doubt rejoice with us in our ducal preferments, and stick the closer to us now that they know who we are, and that we wear a ducal coronet. Here are the documents:

TO THE HONORABLE THE DUKE FLAVIUS.

In the Year of our Reign 5559.

ROYAL LETTERS-PATENT.

HIS MAJESTY KING MOMUS THE UNPRECEDENTED, TO WIT:

So great and wise, so potent, is the *"fourth estate,"* that in consideration thereof you are appointed

SPECIAL HUMORIST DISSEMINATOR

to his Majesty, with the name, style and title of Duke of Flavius, and your Journal the *official organ*, in which all edicts, proclamations and orders emanating from his Jocundity, and all his princely acts in such style and with editorial comments, as will occasion perusal by our subjects. Your correspondence will be conducted through *Quilomanthus. P. O. Box* 1,683, Montgomery, Ala.

Your command to act with and publication of this document and the inclosed proclamation will be proof that you humbly bow to our Royal will and pleasure.

QUILOMANTHUS, Chamberlain.

GREETING: OUR FLOWERS OF CHIVALRY AT COCHE having withered, and our Flower-pots being empty, we, in consideration of your unusual Services in the Field and at our Court, AS A PROFESSIONAL JUROR, bestow upon you our ORDER OF THE BALL AND CHAIN, and herewith create you and your Successors Sir Francis Derby, *Duke de Clipper*, with all its estates, mortgages, hereditaments, messages, entails and poor relations, until we shall appoint our Insolvent Court and call in your Orders.

Witness our hand and Signet this Third day, Fourth moon, and Fifth year of our Gracious Reign. MOMUS.

Long live the King.

MOMUS, Rex Carnivalii.

Attest—DE NOSES.

Done at our Temple of Virtue.

Hurrah!

To prevent deadheads.

LOY, Count de Noses.

Memphis, Tenn.

MARDI-GRAS.

ULKS.

GREETING:

Yourself and ladies are commanded to attend our Court and participate in our Carnival MARDI-GRAS Feb. 13, 1877.

Witness our signet:

MOMUS,

Attest—DE NOSES, Rex Carnivalii.

Baron of Cash,

at our Carnival Palace.

NOTE EXTRAORDINARY.

His Majesty directs the undersigned to thank the various railroad officials for their offer to transport visitors to Montgomery, Feb. 13, 1877, *for half fare*, tickets being good *for one week*; and has caused to be spread upon the Palace bulletin boards this announcement.

Further, his Majesty is highly gratified to see that the newspapers throughout his Dominions have so *nobly responded* in heralding the news of our coming.

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT, being engraved on the Royal Pearl, is honored with a place in the Archives.

QUILOMANTHUS, Chamberlain.

THINGS are turning topsy-turvy. They are actually making it lively for such highflyers as Duncan, Sherman & Co., Jay Cooke & Co., presidents of life-insurance companies, banks, and so on. Why, the world *does* move, after all. A few years ago it would have been certain death to anyone who should attempt to point the finger of suspicion at such men. There is yet hope for the country, despite the Presidential squabble.

SINCE the curative virtues of blue glass have been made public, there has been much demand for that article; and it is quite probable that, to accommodate a suffering people, blue glasses will hereafter be used in all the bar-rooms throughout the country—the metropolis will hereafter be known as "the blue-glass region."

THIS is what surprises us—notwithstanding the offer of sums varying from five thousand to two hundred thousand dollars, no Elector was willing to sell out. It gives us a better opinion of politicians, and induces us to believe that they are a dreadfully abused class of people. "Our Jim," always suspicious, says that maybe some of 'em *did* sell out, but that they have not been discovered.

THE INSECURITY of the Security Life-Insurance Company having been made painfully apparent, it was a Stern chase which at last induced the president to cry a go, and surrender himself. Twenty thousand dollars was the amount of bail demanded. The life-insurance companies are being brought up with a sharp turn.

WE HAVE BEEN anxiously awaiting the arrival from Europe of the late Commodore Vanderbilt's *foreign* relations, who may have some claim on the estate. A. T. Stewart's heirs from abroad continue to arrive, but the Commodore's are dilatory. Why?

ICE-GORGES may *sound* very well in the Winter season, but "Our Jim" declares it's *more* gorgeous in the Summer; and probably the youth's knowledge comes from experience, as we have seen ice gorge him many a time in the hot weeks of July.

THE BRIGHT SUNSHINE of the past week lured from their retreats our Broadway statues and other snakes who have been in retirement since the Winter set in. The early appearance of these living barometers denotes another spell of weather.

PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS are endeavoring to create an impression that they are fighting over the awards of the Centennial Commission; but they make a weak effort, and the public are fully up to the little dodges of the piano-fiends.

OWNERS of Spitz dogs had better convert them into sausages before the Winter closes, for no Spitz canine can expectorate very high when the dog-days set in; though this advice *may* be considered dogmatic.

THEY TALK of laying down some more Atlantic cables. Let's pause. If they keep on tying us to those different foreign countries, may not the latter combine against us some day, and jerk us over?

THE "WECCACON LEGION" of Philadelphia propose to visit Washington, D. C., on March 5 to take part in the inauguration of the next President of the United States.

IT WASN'T the Dutch this time—it was the United States that took "Holland" last week, and he is once more enjoying the society of Cincinnati.

IF WE ARE to credit what the reassurectionist Schlieman says, it is quite probable that "4-11-44" was a fixed policy with the *old* sports.

OUR LEGISLATURE, which has been tinkering at *paper* bills so long, has commenced on *Woodin* bills, which is an evidence of progress.

"OUR JIM" wishes to know whether he can join the Century Club *before* he's a hundred years old.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** On Feb. 5: The loss of the Cromwell-line steamer George Washington, at Mistaken Point, near Cape Race, N. F., was reported. The crew and passengers, numbering in all about twenty-nine persons, were believed to have been lost.....Gen. Miles' command returned to the post at Tongue River, M. T., having on Jan. 8 defeated one thousand Cheyenne and Ogallala Indians under Crazy Horse. The engagement lasted five hours, and resulted in great loss to the Indians. Of the troops, Augustus Rathbone and Privates Batts, Bernard and McCann were killed, and six wounded.....Thomas R. Agnew, grocer of this city, was adjudicated a bankrupt on his own petition. Liabilities, $884,000; assets, $460,000.....Ex-Governor J. M. Wells of Louisiana testified before Knott's Committee in Washington, D. C., denying the Maddox and Littlefield stories.....Midhat Pasha was dismissed from the office of Grand Vizier in Turkey, Edbem Pasha succeeding him.....D. E. Barratt, an attendant at the Northampton, Mass., lunatic asylum, was murdered by one of the inmates.....W. M. Evarts and Chas. O'Conor argued the question of admitting evidence as to Florida before the Electoral Commission.....In this city, Miss Mary Palmer, aged 27, obtained a verdict of $1,000 damages against Arnold Stranss, aged 50 and married, for breach of promise of marriage.....The Japanese Foreign-office at Tokio, Japan, was reported to have been burned.

*** Feb. 6: In the U. S. Senate a motion to pass the bill abolishing the District of Columbia Police Board over the President's veto was lost; yeas 33, nays 22.....James Flood, the wife-murderer, surrendered himself to the authorities at Brooklyn, N. Y.....According to the testimony given by Chas. Paine, general superintendent of the L. S. and M. S. R. R., eighty persons were lost by the Ashtabula disaster, sixty-nine of those on board the train being saved.....A railroad collision near Evansville, Ind., caused the death of Frank Wilson and seriously injured Engineer A. Brockman and several others.....Cable news: Midhat Pasha's resignation was caused by his having been convicted of a conspiracy to dethrone the Sultan of Turkey. Smallpox is on the increase in London, where the Court of Exchequer affirmed the decision convicting Dr. Monck, the spiritual medium, under the vagrancy act, and sentencing him to three months' imprisonment.....William Watts died at Palladelphia from injuries inflicted by William Brannon Jan. 26.....Joseph Gearing, a contractor of Toronto, Ont., failed; liabilities estimated at $110,000.....A mailbag, containing letters and about $25,000 worth of bank checks and drafts, was stated to have been robbed between Newport, Ky., and Cincinnati, O.....It was stated that, on the 5th, four men were buried alive in an iron ore-mine at Hensingerville, Pa. Henry Hunsberger, Lewis Engle and Riese Lewis were killed, and D. Friederick was badly injured.....In Boston, Mass., a confidence man named Paul V. Grolph, who represented himself to be connected with the German Centennial Commission, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.....John C. Jewett & Sons' tin and japanware factory, at Buffalo, N. Y., was destroyed by fire.....At Indianapolis, Ind., Frank Alden was sentenced to imprisonment for life for the murder of Mrs. Caroline Pfeifer.

*** Feb. 7: The Electoral Commission resolved not to go behind the Florida returns, but to take evidence as to the eligibility of Elector Humphreys; vote, 8 to 7.....Charles Wood, who killed Mrs. Hagard at Pittsfield, Mass., was found guilty of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to imprisonment for life.....A bill for the creation of a life-insurance commission was presented in the New York State Senate.....News per cable: Ten men lost their lives by an explosion in the Fass Colliery, near Bolton, Eng. The British steamer Ethel, from Bilboa for Newport, was wrecked in Lundy Island, nineteen persons being drowned. Twenty-nine Russian Socialists were sentenced to penal servitude or transportation.....Fires: the Susquehanna Coal Company's store, and four other buildings, at Nanticoke, Pa. (supposed to have been fired by "Molly Maguires")—loss $50,000, insured for $30,000; Chas. Corly's express stables and seven horses—loss $20,000.....Announcement was made of a deficiency estimated at from $400,000 to $500,000 in the Farmers and Mechanics' National Bank of Hartford, Ct.....Loans on insufficient securities, together with overdrafts, caused the failure of Oliver, Wade & Co., bankers and brokers, at Charles Baker, a supposed suicide, was found on the beach at Salisbury, Mass.....Joseph Mott, James Clark and Joseph Meyer, indicted for attempted train-robbery, were sentenced at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to two years and six months' imprisonment each.....Indictments for perjury at Scranton, Pa., were found against John R. Douglas, president, and Edwin W. Bryant, actuary of the Columbia Life-insurance Company.....The British ship Arminta arrived at this port from Calcutta, India, and reported that James Colgan, Henry Swansen, F. Leary and John Ware were lost during a new submarine cable between America and Europe, the American end to be at Baltimore, Md.....A farmer named Milton Anderson, residing in Crawford County, Pa., was reported to have been murdered on the 6th by an insane man named Harrison Turner, who afterwards committed suicide.....Henry Barrows, a farmer, hung himself at Pelham, Mass.....The bodies of eight of the crew of the oyster-schooner Laura, lost Dec. 10 off Greenburg Point, Md., were recovered.....While walking on the railroad-track near Ellicott Mills, Md., Mrs. Margaret Kirby, aged 50, was struck by an express and killed.....Ex-Mayor Taylor, the defaulting cashier of the First National Bank of Franklin, Ind., was found in a room in that place, unconscious and apparently in a dying condition.....Cushing, Kirk & McLean, wholesale shoedealers of Chicago, Ill., failed; liabilities, $229,000; assets, $100,000.....Levise, the alleged ineligible Hayes elector in Louisiana, testified at Washington, D. C., that he was offered $100,000 to vote for Tilden.....Notice was given by the managers of the Wamsutta Mills, Mass., that on March 1 the wages of employes will be advanced to the prices paid in January.....Another rich gold-strike was reported to have been made at Deadwood, D. T.....Fires: Seven buildings, including Hogle's block, at Swanton, Vt.—loss $64,000, about two-thirds insured; C. A. Perry's Mount Mineral Springs House, at Shutesburg, Mass.—loss $12,000, insured $7,000; the Star Oil-works, at London, Ont.—loss over $10,000, partially insured; D. & H. Stearns' boiler-house, at Pittsfield, Mass.—loss $2,000, insurance $1,000; Thos. Mitchell's cider-mill, at Ashland, Mass.—loss $3,500.....Foreign news: The Czar dismissed the chief of the St. Petersburg Press Bureau because his articles in the use language detrimental to peace and concord with friendly Governments. Several disturbances have occurred in Belgium, growing out of the unpopularity of the Electoral Bill. The Spanish Senate was dissolved, and fresh elections were ordered.....W. F. Loviness of this city died from injuries received by jumping from a window while delirious from illness.

*** Feb. 10: The Electoral Commission made its report to the joint convention in favor of the Republican electors for Florida. The Senate ratified the action of the commission, and the House took a recess until Feb. 12 without action.....John V. Kiere was sentenced at Hudson, N. Y., to imprisonment for life for the murder of Charles H. Hermance. Eleanor A. Kiere was acquitted of the charge.....The sum of $5,175 was given by the L. I. and M. R. R. Company to Mrs. L. S. Cream of New Haven, Ct., whose husband was killed at Ashbula, O.....The application of John D. Lee, the alleged Mountain Meadow murderer, for a new trial at Salt Lake, Utah, was denied, and the Court was ordered to fix another day for his execution.... Nicholas Murray was killed by jumping from a moving train near Georgetown, Ky.....George Stickfort of this city, who stabbed Jacob Masch, was sentenced to ten years in State-prison.....Advices from Japan stated that a fire in Yokohama destroyed Love, Crawford & Co.'s English establishment and the American house of Kelly & Co.....Fred Heitfelder was fatally stabbed by a man named English in Williamsburg, L. I.....A dispatch from Dundas, Ont., stated that Wm. Cook had murdered his daughter and then committed suicide.....Rev. E. J. Carpenter of Swanza, N. H., was thrown from his sleigh and fatally injured.....Cable news: Forty English vessels, having on board over two hundred persons, were missing. The representatives of Turkey and Serbia were said to have agreed on a basis of peace, the formal points of which are: saluting the Turkish flag, the conservation of the Serbian fortresses, and the prevention of armed bands crossing the frontier.....Losses by fire: W. R. Robbins & Co.'s planing-mill and adjoining property in Chicago, Ill.—loss $25,000; Weeks' paper-mill at Skaneateles, N. Y.—loss $15,000.

*** Feb. 11: Details were received of the burning at sea, on the 6th inst., in lat. 31min. 14sec., long. 78min. 42sec., of the steamship Bavaria, from New Orleans for Liverpool. All on board were saved and brought to Port Royal, S. C., on board the English bark Dorothea Thompson.....Deputy-Marshal H. H. Hughes was reported to have been murdered by two men named Miller and Green, whom he was trying to arrest, near Independence, Mo.....Pleasant Gillam, James Page, Marion Stewart and Thomas Jackson were stated to have been killed by a boiler explosion at Noblestown, Ind.....Geo. Seibert, aged 19, shot and fatally wounded his br.ther Charles, near Pittsburg, Pa.....Cable news: Fifty persons were killed and one thousand wounded by a gunpowder explosion, at Adhambed, India. The Egyptian troops have again been defeated near Massovah.....Verdicts: Mrs. Sands and Mary wounded his father-in-law, George Charlton, in Morrisania, N. Y.....Wm. Kerr, captain of an iceboat lying at this port, was supposed to have been drowned.....A pastoral letter from Bishop O'Hara, communicating the Ancient Order of Hibernians, was read in all the Catholic churches of the Scranton Diocese.....A William C. Work of Lowell, Mass., fell on the ice, ruptured a blood-vessel and died in fifteen minutes.....Silas Whitcomb hung himself in his barn at West Swansea, N. H.

*** Feb. 12: By a strict party vote the resolution to count the vote of Florida in accordance with the decision of the Electoral Commission was voted down in the U. S. House of Representatives; yeas 97, nays 167.....Thomas S. Kelley died in Brooklyn, N. Y., from injuries received by a collision between his wagon and a carriage on the 5th inst.

OWENS VS. MURPHY.—James Owens sends us a letter, in which he says that he has been waiting over two weeks to hear from C. E. Murphy, whose challenge, he says, he accepted, and that, if he does not hear from him inside of ten days, he will accommodate Jacob H. Martin with a match. It may be well to say to Owens that Murphy's defi not having been made solid by the requisite money deposit, it goes for naught; and if he (Owens) does not wish to forfeit public confidence in his willingness to meet the best of them in a square up-and-up match for the title of "champion of the world," which he affixes to his name, he will at once close with Martin, and cover the $250 now in our hands to the credit of the Trullanti butcher.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ALDEN, Rear-admiral James—Born in Maine in 1809, and appointed midshipman. Lieutenant and commander respectively in 1828, 1841 and 1855. He was in the exploration expedition of 1839-42, in the Home Squadron at Vera Cruz, Tuspan and Tobasco during the Mexican war, and on the coast survey from 1848 to 1860. During the Civil War he commanded the South Carolina at Galveston, Aug. 3, 1861, and also the Richmond at the passage of the New Orleans forts; he ran the Vicksburg batteries twice and was engaged at Port Hudson; and, commissioned captain in January, 1863, he commanded the Brooklyn in the fight in Mobile Bay, and the attack on Fort Fisher. In July, 1866, he was made Commodore, in 1868-9 was placed in charge of the Mare Island (Cal.) Navy-yard, and in April of 1869 was appointed Chief of the Bureau of Navigation and Detail at Washington. In 1871 he was placed in command of the European station, and in 1873 retired from active service—San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 6, aged 68.

BOARDMAN, Rev. Dr. George S.—One of the oldest pastors of the Presbyterian Church—Cazenovia, N. Y., Feb. 7, aged 88.

BROODBENT, Gershon—For forty years or more a dry-goods merchant in Baltimore, Md.—there, Feb. 1, aged 69.

BROWN, Master Willie—A boy orator, well known on the Pacific coast, where he had appeared frequently in public—San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 30, aged 8yrs. 3mos.

BOWLER, Mrs. Susan—Sister of the late Hon. George H. Pendleton, and widow of R. B. Bowler. A few years ago she founded an Episcopal mission in Cumminsville, now a portion of Cincinnati, and about a twelvemonth ago she established the Bowler professorship in Gambier College—Cincinnati, Feb. 6.

BAILEY, Rear-admiral Theodorus—Of the United States Navy, which he entered as a midshipman, being promoted to a lieutenancy on March 3, 1827. He was born in Plattsburg, N. Y., in 1805, and his grandfather, Captain John Bailey of Fishkill, N. Y., was an officer in the Revolutionary Army—Washington, D. C., Feb. 10, aged 76.

BURNETT, Sarah Gibson Lansing—Wife of General L. H. Burnett—this city, Feb. 11.

BENTON, Charles Edward—One of the editors and proprietors of *The Fredonia Advertiser and Dunkirk Union*—Middletown, N. Y., Feb. 11, aged 36.

CHUNG-HANLEE—Governor of Hong Kong, China—there, Jan. 15.

CHAPUS, Eugene—A satirical writer on *Le Sport*—Paris, France, Jan. 18, aged 78.

CHAPMAN, Oliver S.—Railroad projector, and for some time a director of the Union Pacific Railroad—Boston, Mass., Feb. 4.

CHANFRAU, Joseph B.—Brother of Frank S. Chanfrau the actor. He was well known on the east side of town upwards of twenty years ago, and at one time kept a public-house on the west side of the Bowery—Long Branch, N. J., Feb. 6, aged 58.

CANNON, Benoni—A native of Georgia, who came to this country and settled in Richmond, Va., where he kept a confectionery for a quarter of a century. He had recently removed to Manchester, Va., where he died about Feb. 6.

DEACON, Edward—One of the founders of *The Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia, and at one time president of the Green and Coates street Railroad—there, Feb. 4, aged 66.

EARLE, Sir Hardman—English merchant, and one of the projectors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, in 1826-7.—Woolton, Eng., Jan. 27, aged 84.

FERGUSSON, Sir William, F. R. S.—Eminent English surgeon—London, Eng., about Feb. 11, aged 69.

FREEMAN, Dr. Ellis B.—Woodbridge, N. J., Feb. 4, aged 69.

FAGAN, Matthew—A Republican of some prominence in Brooklyn, N. Y.—there, Feb. 6.

GALLAHER, John G.—Formerly Third Auditor of the Treasury, for many years ago he was a journalist—Washington, D. C., Feb. 4, aged 82.

GRENZEBACH, Henry—A native of Germany, and for thirty-eight years a resident of Baltimore, Md.—that city, Feb. 7, aged 69.

GIMM, Louis—Weighmaster of live stock at the State scales, Richmond, Va. He came to this country from Baden Baden, Germany, about 1858, and went into the leather-tanning business in Richmond—that city, Feb. 7.

GILBERT, Charles H.—Actor. (See drama)—Philadelphia, Feb. 8, aged 23.

GIBBONS, Ed.—(See variety)—Cheyenne, W. T., Jan. 31.

HOLLADAY, Col. A. R.—From 1849 to 1853 he represented Virginia in Congress. He had also served in the Virginia Legislature, and was a Commissioner of Public Works—Henrico, Va., about Feb. 1.

HINKLE, John—A wealthy farmer of Clarke County, O.—near Springfield, O., Feb. 3, aged 65.

LEEDS, Charles F.—Father of ex-Sheriff William R. Leeds of Philadelphia—that city, Feb. 5, aged 69.

LEWIS, Dr. Elisha J.—Philadelphia physician—that city, Feb. 9.

LIEFLINGWOOD, Aaron S.—Wealthy retired merchant of Philadelphia—there, Feb. 3.

MACELROY, Rev. James—Pastor of the R. C. Church of Our Lady of Mercy, Brooklyn, L. I.—there, Feb. 5, aged 33.

MCLEOD, Rev. Alexander—Of the Episcopal Church, and chaplain in the U. S. Army—Meadville, Pa., Feb. 9.

MILTON, William—Viscount by inheritance, being the son and heir of the sixth Earl Fitzwilliam. Born in 1839, received his education at Eton and Cambridge, and sat in Parliament from the southern division of West York from July, 1865, to June, 1872. In 1867 he married Laura Theresa, daughter of the late Lord Charles Beauclerk. To Americans he was known by reason of his joint authorship, with Dr Cheadle, of the book entitled

who showed up in fine form as a coming catcher last season; Nolan is to pitch, and he proved to be a troublesome pitcher for the batsmen who faced him last year; Houtz, Miller and McSorley are to attend to the bases, the latter being an excellent change-pitcher; and with Mack and Short the infield will be very strong; Golden—a swift pitcher—is to guard left-field, Warner that of centre, and Hocap right, with two good subs in Riley and Julian. The players are all on hand, and have passed the ball around on the field already.

NOTES.—The Red Caps of St. Paul want George Hall as left-fielder and captain. George is in Brooklyn.....Dicky Pearce writes word that he would like to captain a non-League nine for a thousand dollars. Dick would be cheap at the price..... The probability is that the season will open early in April. The clubs of Brooklyn will open at the Capitoline about the last of March.....Borden has been "released" from his Boston engagement..... Hicks Hayhurst is to be manager of the reorganized Athletics. McBride and Weaver are to be pitchers—Dick to pitch straight and Weaver to put in the curve.....There will be over forty professional nines in the arena in 1877, all but six playing under the twenty-five cent tariff.

LOWELL B. B. ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of this organization was held at Lowell, Mass., Feb. 4, at which the following gentlemen were chosen directors: Edward Hastings, Nicholas W. Norcross, Frank E. Rice, Herman J. Smith, Jeremiah Crowley, Chas. O. Hall and Josiah Butler. The last-named will be manager of the club. W. B. Spaulding was also chosen treasurer, and Josiah W. White secretary.

STAMPED envelopes should be sent for letters now in our care addressed to the following Baseballists: Mr. McCormack, of Star Club of Syracuse; Mr. Knight, late of Athletics; and the manager of Buckeye B. B. Club.

EDWARD HASTINGS has been chosen president of the directors of the Lowell Baseball Association. Applications for positions on the nine have been received from nearly a score of first-class players.

THOS. BARLOW, formerly of the Hartford Baseball Club, has fully recovered from his protracted illness, and proposes to wield his little bat again during the coming season.

LAFFERTY, of last year's Quicksteps, and Crowley of the Philadelphias, have signed contracts with the Louisville Club for 1877.

A FIRST-BASEMAN, who has played in that position for three years, advertises for an engagement.

THE TRIGGER.

IRISH RIFLEMEN MOVING.

The sons of the nation whose representatives were first to cross the ocean to engage in friendly competition with the crack riflemen of the States are the first among foreign marksmen to make a sign in regard to the second contest for the centennial trophy won last Fall by the Americans. This is creditable to the courage of the men in green, and shows that the four defeats they have sustained at the hands of the Yankees have not caused them to lose confidence in themselves; but that the faith in their ability to bring about a favorable result is still strong within them. The Irish Rifle Association held a meeting in Dublin a few days ago, at which four of the team who visited this country last year volunteered to again battle for the honor of the Emerald Isle. The Association, however, desires that some few changes shall be made in the conditions governing said competition, and a circular containing the following suggestions has been sent by A. B. Leech to the competing teams of 1876:

The present distances are 800, 900 and 1,000. I think the 800 yards is not a sufficient test either of the marksman's skill or the qualities of rifle, and might be omitted with advantage. The match might then be shot at 900 and 1,000 yards, viz., 20 shots at the former and 25 at the latter distance. If a third range be desirable, 1,100 yards might be added, and thus each man have still 15 shots at each distance. It appears undesirable to have such a match shot at a range which is the practice range of one of the competing teams. In America ample accommodations could be had elsewhere than at Creedmoor.

It is also proposed in the circular that, in case a team of sufficient strength cannot be got together in Ireland, then a national team be organized, the trophy, if fortunately won by them, to be subsequently contended for in Ireland. Captain Rigby, in reply to speeches relative to the next shoot for this prize, said he should regret to see the Irish-American match swallowed up by the Centennial international trophy-competition, which had been suggested by the former, particularly as the scores in 1874 and 1876 were so very close. He therefore proposed that an invitation (not a challenge) be extended to the Amateur Rifle Club of New York to send a team to Ireland next Summer to shoot a fourth match. He offered a resolution to that effect, which was seconded by Major Leech, and carried.

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—The Board of Directors of this Association met at their rooms in Park row, this city, on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 6 when the following committees were appointed for the year ensuing: Executive—N. P. Stanton, George W. Wingate, George S. Schermerhorn, D. D. Wylie (ex officio), Alexander Shaler, T. S. Dakin, H. A. Gildersleeve, W. G. Ward (elected). Range—George W. Wingate, G. D. Scott, J. G. Story. Finance—D. W. Judd, E. H. Sanford, W. G. Ward. Prize—John Ward, William C. Casey, Joseph Holland. A resolution instructing the secretary to communicate with representatives of riflemen in each State, inviting them to participate in the interstate rifle match next season (at the Fall meeting), was passed, and the treasurer was requested by resolution to call upon the officials of the Long Island Railroad Company in reference to the tickets to Creedmoor for 1877, with the object of having the rate fixed as low as or lower than last year, and to have them sold in packages at reduced prices. Those who have visited the range in past seasons, especially during the international matches and Association prize meetings, hope that the road officials may be prevailed upon to provide better facilities for transportation, and give more attention to the comfort of the public than they have heretofore done. No communication has been received from any foreign rifle-club touching the subject of an international match this year.

NASSAU GUN CLUB.—Members of the Long Island Club, to the number of eighteen, shot for the championship at Dexter Park on Tuesday, Feb. 6. The contestants were divided into teams of nine each, in order to make matters more interesting, the side making the lowest aggregate score to provide the funds to pay for a supper for all hands. Good birds were provided, and a number that were hard hit carried the shot with them outside of bounds before they laid down for good, which, in a measure, accounts for the rather poor shooting shown by the score. The contestant shot at five birds, and the result was as follows: J. R. Powell, 5; H. Haubt, 4; T. C. Vansize, 4; H. Boehme, 3; S. A. Livingston, 3; E. Hemming, 3; S. Selzer, 2; J. Van Wicklen, 2; G. Bergen, 1—total, 29 killed. W. A. Selover, 5; W. A. Dunham, 4; F. Gildersleeve, 4; H. Van Wicklen, 3; S. Abram, 3; D. Van Wicklen, 2; W. Handford, 1; S. H. Lott, 1; A. H. Blenderman, 0—total, 23 killed. Messrs. Selover and Powell shot off their tie for the championship at three birds each, the latter winning by a score of 2 to 1. The distance was 25yds. rise and 30yds. boundary. Referee, Mr. Rafter.

FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB.—Splendid weather and a more than usually good attendance augured well for sport on the occasion of the regular monthly practice-day of the members of this club, at their grounds, Ocean Parkway, near Brooklyn, L. I., on Wednesday, Feb. 7; but the failure of a large number of ordered birds to connect caused much disappointment, the contestants being confined to three birds each, instead of seven, the usual number. There were fourteen competitors for the club-badge emblematic of the championship, 21yds. and 30yds. boundary, and the result was the success of Mr. Josephs, who was the only one who killed all of his birds. The scores were as follows: Josephs, 3; Sheridan, 2; Sloane, 2; McMahon, 2; Connors, 2; White, 2; Miller, 2; Crook, 2; Goodwin, 2; Kearney, 2; Curley, 1; Cleaver, 1; Race, 1; Hunter, 0. One each of Sloane's, White's Miller's, Curley's and Cleaver's fell dead out of bounds. Referee—Mr. Eddy of the Long Island Shooting Club. The birds used were a fine lot, and the skill shown was creditable to the contestants.

SHOOTING GLASS BALLS.—Members of the California Gun Club, four on a side, contended for small money stakes in two trials of skill in cracking glass balls at the Palace Opera-house, San Francisco, on the evening of Feb. 3. The result of the shooting (each man firing at ten balls) was as follows: First match—Butler, 9; Mackintosh, 7; Potter, 6; Swett, 6—total, 28. Orr, 9; Booth, 2; Wilson, 10; Bradford, 3—total, 24. Second match—Butler, 10; Mackintosh, 9; Potter, 7; Swett, 3—total, 31. Orr, 8; Booth, 4; Wilson, 9; Bradford, 1—total, 22. Capt. A. H. Bogardus then gave an exhibition of rapid firing, breaking twenty-six balls in two minutes and thirty seconds.

THE THIRD COMPETITION between riflemen for the cup offered by the California Powder Company, and which must be won thrice by the same person before becoming personal property, took place at San Francisco, over the Bay View range, Jan. 27. On the two previous occasions Capt. H. J. Burns was the successful competitor, but this time H. C. Smith won, making the highest score in any competition—41 out of a possible 50, ten shots each. The scores follow: H. C. Smith, 41; J. Robertson, J. W. Maher, E. Bartlett, 34 each; C. P. Le Breton, 33; C. E. Burgans, H. J. Burns, 30; Wm. Show, 29; R. C. Hanson, 21; Chas. Nash, 17.

TOURNAMENT IN FILLY.—A pigeon-shooting tourney is announced to take place at New Hunting Park, Philadelphia, commencing on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22. Five purses, aggregating in amount $5,000, are offered, and an entrance-fee of $50 is required from each competitor ($12.50 to be handed in with entry as forfeit); the contestants to shoot at fifty singles each, under Rhode Island Club rules. Entries closed on Monday, 12th inst., and we learn that the list embraces the names of a number of well-known experts, residing in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Massachusetts.

LONG ISLAND GUN CLUB.—There was a large gathering of members of this shooting club on their grounds, at Dexter Park, L. I., on the afternoon of Friday, Feb. 9. The chief event of the day was a contest between teams composed of nine persons each, the contestants firing at seven birds apiece, 26yds. rise and 80yds. boundary, which resulted as follows: Atkins, 6; Lamphear, 6; West, 5; Austin, 5; Johnson, 4; Madison, 4; Hartshorn, 3; Henderson, 2; Moore, 1—total, 36. Eddy, 2; Blankley, 6; Williams, 5; Wynne, 4; Robinson, 3; Blake, 3; Schorman, 3; Martin, 3; Hughes, 2—total, 31. Several unimportant sweepstakes were subsequently shot.

COLT AT STAKE.—A score of pigeon-poppers contended for the possession of a sorrel colt at the Upper Canton House, near Baltimore, Md., on Wednesday, Feb. 7. They shot at five pigeons each, 21yds. rise and 30yds fall, and Messrs. Engel, Kell Gunther, John Todd, Stewart and Hebron having killed all, shot off the tie. The two first-named brought down two each in succession, the other contestants missing, and they agreed to divide the proceeds of the sale of the animal, which was knocked down for $60. John Todd is the possessor of the champion badge of Maryland.

BOGARDUS VS. DALY.—A pigeon match for $250 a side, between Capt. A. H. Bogardus and George Daly, the latter of Virginia City, Nev., came off at Oakland Park, near San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 3. Bogardus stood 25 yards from the traps, and Daly but 21 yards. The latter was placed at a disadvantage by having to use an outsider's gun, one of the snappers of which got out of order after firing a few shots. They shot at twenty-five singles each, and Bogardus won by a score of 24 to 21, the champion missing his last bird. John K. Orr was referee.

CARVER VS. BOGARDUS.—At the Palace Opera-house, San Francisco, Cal., on Jan. 25, a match between Dr. Carver, one of 'Frisco's crack wing-shootists, and Capt. A. H. Bogardus, each to shoot at fifty glass balls, was decided in favor of Carver, who broke forty-eight of the delicate spheres to the champion's thirty-seven. Subsequently Bogardus broke twenty-five balls in 2 minutes and 20 seconds.

BOGARDUS VS. CARVER.—A match to shoot at fifty glass balls, from three traps, placed ten feet apart, eighteen yards rise, was decided by Capt. Bogardus and Dr. Carver at Oakland Park, near San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 4. Bogardus won: score, 47 to 46. Bogardus left for Salt Lake on the 5th inst.

HARRY HOPE of Somerset and George Ingraham of Newark shot a match at pigeons, for $200 a side, twenty-five single birds each, at Avondale, O., Feb. 5. Hope won by a score of 21 to 17.

THE RING.

HICKEN AND CHAMBERS.

The pugilistic event of the past week in the Centennial City was the fifteen-minute sparring match, with blackened gloves, between Harry Hicken and Lew Chambers. It took place at the Parisian Varieties on Tuesday evening, Feb. 6, and the interest felt in the affair by the sporting fraternity was great enough to pack this establishment. As a display of science, the set-to was greatly appreciated, but it was far less satisfactory than would have been a contest in which endurance was made to play an equal part with skill. The result was the victory of Hicken, who was credited with five face hits to Chambers' three. Steve Taylor officiated as referee, Fred. Norley umpiring for the winner, and Joe Holland for the loser, while Arthur Chambers made his first public appearance since his return from England, in the capacity of obliterator of facial glove marks. Previous to this contest mimic encounters took place between Mike Gillespie and Arthur Chambers, Donohue and Murphy, Clinton and Moore, and the Johnson Brothers. All of these setto's were much enjoyed. Charley Devere of 417 Girard avenue, acted as Master of Ceremonies, and entertained and astonished the spectators by producing his learned Italian greyhound Dexter, who performed a number of very clever tricks. Charley says he'll back his canine for a stack of stamps to excel any other dog living at this sort of thing. Among those present was Joe Goss, who appears to have indefinitely postponed his departure, along with Steve Taylor, for Australia.

MILLING ON THE FLATS.—Jersey was invaded by a score or so of metropolitan "toughs" early on Sunday morning, Feb. 11, who made the incursion for the purpose of seeing brought to a settlement a quarrel between two "young fellahs" named Jim Black and Pete Hurley. These lads had a scrimmage in a saloon on First avenue on Saturday, which they decided to settle according to rule. The spot chosen for the scene of carnage was near Snake Hill, on the Hackensack Flats, and there they pummeled each other for nearly an hour, fighting twenty rounds with damaging effect on both, when Black was hailed the conqueror, though Hurley wasn't at all satisfied and strenuously opposed surrender to the enemy. His friends compelled him to submit, however. The whole party returned to this city without the Jersey authorities having had a chance to lay their clutches upon them.

MACE OFF FOR THE ANTIPODES.—Jim Mace writes to us from San Francisco, Cal., under date of Feb. 2, saying that he had secured passage on board the steamer which was to have left that port for Australia on the following day. He wishes, also, to thank his San Francisco friends for numerous favors shown him, including the presentation of a handsome addition to his champion belt, in the form of an American eagle of pure silver. He intends to remain in the land of the bush about nine months, and then return to the States. As Jim has never yet set foot in that country, he ought to do very well there.

EPH HOLLAND of Cincinnati, O., was arrested in this city by Officer Crowley on Wednesday, Feb. 7, on a charge of complicity in election frauds in the Buckeye State. He was taken to Porkopolis on a requisition from Governor Hayes. Holland arrived at Porkopolis Feb. 9, in charge of Officers James Turney and Oliver T. Johnson, and on the following day was taken to the court and held in $1,000 bail, to answer the charge of being implicated in fraudulent voting.

AMONG THE WOLVERINES.—Jim Allen, who is well known in New York State and in the New England and Middle States as a boxer, club-swinger and teacher in institutions for the physical culture of the human form divine, is now engaged in giving instruction to the members of the Young Men's Gymnasium, at Adrian, Mich. He has the ability to give satisfaction to pupils, and, as athletic exercises are in favor in that section, he will doubtless do well.

JOHN LONG AND WM. J. GOULD had a pretty lively shake-up with the gloves at Central Park Garden, this city, on Monday evening, Feb. 5. John Lawrence, who acted as referee, ruled it a draw after the expiration of the allotted time—one hour—and then the business of "whacking-up" the receipts was in order. We haven't heard how the principals came out of it, but neither had any trouble in carrying his share of the proceeds.

"BLACKEY" EDWARDS, stakeholder in the Goss-Allen fight, last week had the gratification of dealing out a fine of $150 and costs on account of the inconspicuous part taken by him at the ring-side. He "passed up" in the Criminal Court at Covington, Ky., and was released. Who will be the next contributor to the pugilistic sinking fund?

TO SETTLE AN OLD GRUDGE, George Fisher and Fred Miller fought off the reel at Cheviot, near Cincinnati, O., Feb. 4, only a few persons looking on. They hammered each other with a will through half a dozen rounds, when both were pretty badly punished, and mutual friends interfered and hostilities ceased.

JIM TURNER has been holding forth at McKeesport, Pa., about fifteen miles up the Monongahela River from the City of Soot, for about three months past. He has been working at his trade, but times are extremely dull there, as elsewhere, and he proposes to go West ere long—when the walking becomes good.

WILLIAM C. MCLELLAN says he will be pleased to make a match for money, door receipts or "nix," public or private, to spar John Long with gloves. He may be interviewed by Long at Warry Edwards & Co.'s, 55 West Thirtieth street, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 14, between 8 and 9 o'clock. Walk long, John.

JOHN MANCELY, a pupil of Billy McLean's and a resident of Philadelphia, expresses a desire to box anybody there, with gloves, excepting McLean, Joe Goss and Steve Taylor, for a fifty or a hundred-dollar note.

THE LONG BROTHERS spar nightly this week at the Olympic Theatre in "Round the Clock," appearing in the scene representing the interior of Harry Hill's Theatre.

THERE IS A LETTER in our care for James Mace.

BILLIARDS.

ITEMS.

Michael Geary is ready to dispose of half an interest in his Washington (D. C.) room.....Slosson got away with Sexton in that $2,000 game in Galveston, Texas, Jan. 31. It is currently reported that in many quarters Slosson was the favorite before the game began. He failed to run 100, and Sexton did not do much better, his two highest being 130 and 115, while Slosson's were 96 (twice). Sexton scored a total of 355 to 500 by Slosson, whose average was 19.6-26.....Madame Albert Garnier sailed for France last week.....James Lessie has withdrawn from the Grand Union Hotel, this city, and is now as John F. Gleason's.....An amateur tourney is to begin at the Centennial Room, this city, on Feb. 19.....We acknowledge receipt of programme for the tournament at the Hippodrome Billiard Parlors, this city. It embraces one hundred and fifteen games, which will keep the chalk in use from Feb. 5 until April 5 next.....In Galveston, Texas, a few days ago, Sexton played against seven amateurs of that city, whose combined "average" was but a trifle over one point to the run, while Sexton's was 31.....The series of New Orleans contests between Shaw and Sigglioli was won by the latter, Shaw having secured the first of the three games. Among the top runs were 116 and 106 by Msggioli, and 101 and 153 by Shaw.....The Rooms Nos. 850 and 852 Broad street, Newark, N. J., formerly occupied by Eb. Francis, then by Doc Bandman, and lately by Joe Marsh, have been purchased by Messrs. Greathead & O'Connor, and are now in course of renovation and remodeling. They will be furnished with ten tables, and will be opened for use in about two weeks, at which time it is expected that a number of New York city billiardists will give an exhibition.....At the Surrey Gardens' Club-house, Kensington road, Eng., on Jan. 26, W. Cook and T. Taylor played a 1,000-point English game, which the latter, with runs of 413, 143, 117, and 115, won in the quick time of 1h. 10m. Taylor scored but 337.....William Morris of Philadelphia has temporarily dropped billiards to take charge of the bar at the Lapierre House; E. J. Plunkett has disposed of his pool game and thinks of opening a room in Baltimore; Thomas Doyle is again back at the St. George Hotel. Philadelphia; and that city again knows W. E. Cross, the Providence amateur.

THE BINGHAMTON (N. Y.) TOURNAMENT.—This affair, begun on Jan. 25 and ended on Feb. 3, resulted in the success of Byron Gillette, formerly of this city, but now of Corning, N. Y., who won the first money ($200), and also a cue for highest run, which was 80. Charles H. Knight, also of Corning, received second prize, $100; Eugene Kimball of Rochester got third ($60), and also a medal for the best general average (7.99-278); and Charles Effler of Albany won the fourth prize, $40. The other contestants were Eugene A. Sprague of Rochester, E. J. Kinney of Utica, H. W. Wheeler of Binghamton, and G. W. L'Amereaux, also of Binghampton, who is said to have been awarded a leather-medal as the loser of the greatest number of games. There were thirty games in all, inclusive of a tie between Gillette and Knight, and another between Kimball and Effler. The game was the three-ball carom, and the projectors of the tournament were, as announced some weeks ago in these columns, Messrs. Boss & Payfair of Binghamton. The referee was William Burleigh of Western notoriety.

HICKEY BEATS JAKES.—At the Royal Opera-house, Toronto, Feb. 8, a match announced as for $400, between William Jakes of Cobourg and John Hickey, latterly of Montreal, was won by the latter, who scored 350 to Jakes 417. The averages were 3.119-127 and 3.36-127, and the table a 5x10. The best runs were 39, 22, 16 and 14 by the winner, and 21, 17, 16 and 15 by the loser. Umpires—T. Howard of Boston for Hickey; J. C. O'Connor of Toronto for Jakes. Referee, J. Capron, of Paris, Can. Marker, John O'Connell. The attendance was light.

A SPURT IN WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—Peter F. Tracy, having vacated the Grand Central, this city, is now at the Orawaupum House on the historic battle-field of White Plains. On the 2d inst., Jacob Schaefer of this city visited the billiard-room at the Orawaupum, and played a four-ball and a three-ball game, besides electrifying the land of the Buckhouts with fancy shots.

ACTIVITY IN CINCINNATI.—Since Phil. Tieman set the balls rolling for 1877, billiards has taken unto itself new life in Cincinnati, and tournaments were last week in progress at Fischbien's room and Wise's Casino Hall, that city. At the latter house a match for $250 a side, between Messrs. J. Armstrong and Abe Lindauer, was to have been played on Feb. 11 (Sunday).

BOWLING.

A MISTAKE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The lovers of ten pins assembled in full force at the Empire Club, this City, on Feb. 7, to witness the thirteenth game of the tournament, having for contestants the Pin Knights and Mutuals of Williamsburg. The former club showed up strong, but the latter, from some misunderstanding, failed to put in an appearance, and whether the game will count or not remains to be seen. So, not to disappoint those who came to see a good game, the Knights of the Pins made up two teams of seven each, and amused their friends to the best of their ability with the following result:

LUHRS.		ALTEBRAND.	
G. Colon	170	F. Anderson	194
E. Anderson	142	J. Fink	133
C. Moller	211	Altebrand	156
H. Fink	151	Dryer	134
H. Luhrs	108	Cameron	128
Kundop	116	Kolhause	138
J. Moller	169—1069	Fredericks	150—1033

A BAD NIGHT FOR NEW YORK.

The fourteenth game of the championship series was bowled at the Empire Club on Feb. 8, and was witnessed by a large number of spectators, as it was expected a close and exciting game would take place between the Nassaus of Brooklyn and the Terpsichores of New York. The former had a very strong team, and the latter were lacking in some of their best men; but, nevertheless, each team went to work with good-natured vim. Mr. Sullivan was selected as umpire. It was nine o'clock before the game commenced, and it lagged fearfully during the first round, the boys being somewhat nervous and uneasy like, the score standing at the end of the first frame 167 to 146 in favor of New York. In the second frame the Nassaus led ten pins, and then the jolly "Terphs" went in with a rush to fill up the gap, but it was useless; although for a while they kept on the skirts of the Brooklyn boys, they finally weakened, and at the end of the fifth frame the score stood 840 to 787 in favor of Robert Orr's champions. From this out it was a walk over for the visitors, the Terpsichores falling all to pieces. Mr. Wilson of the Nassaus led the score with 207, followed closely by G. Grum—a ball-tosser of olden times—who made 204, and the balance of the team with two exceptions bowled above the average. This is the first time the Terpsichores have been beaten by the Nassaus, and it was a surprise to many in the assembly. The scorers were Messrs. Roll and McAuslan, and the game lasted two hours and twenty minutes. The following is the score:

NASSAU.		TERPSICHORE.	
R. Orr	167	Eisman	154
Wilson	207	Greentree	145
J. Orr	166	E. Beile	142
G. Grum	155	Hirsh	142
G. Grum	204	Kahn	144
Stamford	121	Jack	140
Baker	173	H. Groh	136
Conover	149	M. Shindheim	155
E. Church	166	Escher	156
J. Church	124—1637	Moulle	164—1485

BOWLING FOR A GOLD MEDAL.

The second trial of skill for Smith's medal came off on the alleys of the Broadway Club, Williamsburg, on Feb. 5, and had for competitors fifty-four bowlers representing all the clubs in the Eastern District. The rolling on this occasion was much better than in the first trial, when the winner McAllister scored 223, but in this game he fell all to pieces, making only 130, while the winner of the second night's play—Jake Moller—made the grand score of 244, and almost distanced the others. The terms under which the medal was put up, will cause Messrs. Moller and McAllister to play the best two out of three games to decide which shall hold the honors and the medal. For the second prize, a box of cigars—F. Anderson of the Pin Knights, and H. Vossler of the Empires, the only bowler from Manhattan Island who had the courage to cross the raging deep and contend against a fifty-to-one chance. The next struggle will take place on Feb. 19. Following are the best scores of the evening:

MOLLER.		COLONS.	
Jake Moller	244	F. Anderson	199
H. Vossler	199	E. Anderson	185
J. Maher	181	M. Lucas	182
A. Smith	180	G. Colon	173
H. Braun	182	J. Diehl	170
G. Oberst	183	E. Burr	152
H. Shutt	166	D. Shook	156
D. D. McAuslan	163	O. Staples	156
Schalapper	171	J. Moore	156
J. Walter	151—1820	W. Whiting	157—1686

THE ATHLETICS.—This club, having only one more game to play, and that with the Nassaus, have taken time by the forelock, in case of a possible defeat, and are continually practicing, making large scores. Their next adversaries are not to be despised, as Robert Orr handles his men with the skill of an old veteran, and the betting now is in favor of the Nassaus. Providing the latter are conquerors of the famous Athletics, there will be a tie, and then the tug of war will come in earnest; but as the Athletics have won every game so far, they cry for one more club to conquer and proclaim themselves champions. They are keeping very dark in regard to their practice scores, but it is hinted that when the two come together it will be Greek meet Greek. The annual ball of the latter club takes place on Feb. 21.

THE SATURDAY-NIGHT CLUB, of which "Judge" Mercur is president, W Greentree treasurer, and J. Roll secretary, held their monthly meeting on Saturday night last, and, after business was over, indulged in a friendly game, which was very close from start to finish, ending with a majority of eight for the Judge's side. Messrs. Eisman, Moulle, Ward, E. Beile, H. Groh, Potter, Roll, Greentree, Mercur and Shultz participated, the game ending with a score of 743 to 735. When the match was decided, several private games were bowled, which gave a keen relish to the evening's amusements, and caused roars of laughter. The club is curtailed to 16 members and their alleys are fitted up with excellent taste, with monograms and the highest score of each member.

THE NASSAUS.—If there is any tie in the tournament it will be between this club and the Athletics, and, with this prospect before them, Captain Orr is giving his team plenty of practice with beneficial results; and, if they keep on in this way, it is very likely that on the night of the grand battle every man in the team will make a good score. The following will speak for itself:

R. ORR.		J. ORR.	
R. Orr	182	J. Orr	185
Wilson	168	J. Grum	182
E. Church	223	G. Grum	158
F. Baker	159	S. Baker	146
Conover	166—898	J. Church	139—853

THE STRUGGLE FOR GREENBACKS.—M. Moran's weekly gift of five dollars to the bowler making the greatest number of strikes on the alleys of the Empire Club was hotly contested during the past week, the members of the different clubs going for it with a relish. It fell to the lot of I. Sullivan of the Empires to succeed to the honor, he making nine strikes and a total score of 268. The stocking is still hanging up, with a note having Spinner's funny signature in plain view to those who think it is worth going for.

THE TURF.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS BROODMARE.—The famous old broodmare Heraldry, owned by John M. Clay of Ashland, near Lexington, Ky., died last week in the 31st year of her age. She was by Herald out of Margaret Woods, by imp. Priam, who was presented to the "Great Commoner" Henry Clay by Col. Wade Hampton of South Carolina, father of the present general of that name, as a mark of his admiration and respect for the Kentucky statesman. Margaret Woods, at the time, was heavy in foal with Heraldry. She met with an accident when a yearling, and was never trained. She was the dam of Balloon, Parachute, Ascension and Margaret West—all by imp. Yorkshire, and all distinguished broodmares.

A $5,000 TROTTER.—Foster Dewey of this city has purchased from the Kentucky breeder Richard Penistan the chestnut gelding Richard, by Blue Bird, dam said to be by Sir Leslie, for $5,000. Richard, who is now eight years old, trotted three heats at East Saginaw, Mich., in 2:25, 2:25, 2:25½. His late owner offered to match him to trot in 2:20 the coming season.

THE ANNUAL ELECTION for officers of the Hampden Park Association, Springfield, Mass., held Feb. 6, resulted in the choice of L. J. Powers as president; H. M. Phillips, secretary; and D. J. Marsh, treasurer. The Association has not renewed its lease of the park, and the Fall meeting will probably be omitted this year.

A HIGH-PRICED COW DEAD.—A cable-dispatch of date Feb. 8 announces the death in England of the celebrated short-horn cow "Tenth Duchess of Geneva," which was purchased by Lord Bective at N. Y. Mills, this State, in 1873, for over $30,000.

A MATCH FOR $500, mile and repeat, took place at the Bay District Track, San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 27, between Bradley and Overland Pat, the former taking the first and third heats, and consequently the money. Time, 1:55½, 1:51½, 1:53¼.

AQUATIC.

UNTRUE.—Last week a report found its way into the columns of a paper published in this city, from which it was copied into other journals, to the effect that the Atlantic Boat Club, the oldest rowing organization in existence in America—was disbanded. In justice to the club we give an emphatic denial to the rumor—nothing is further from the thoughts of the seventy or eighty active and fifty honorary members, and the prospects are that the future will witness creditable additions to the long list of victories achieved by the representatives of the "pioneer organization."

THE REGATTA of the New Hamburg (N. Y.) Ice yacht Association was sailed, on very short notice, on the Hudson Feb. 7, the gradually softening condition of the ice admonishing the committee that the last chance to get the race of this Winter was probably nigh at hand. The service of silver was won by Commodore Grinnell's Flyaway. The melting ice gave way under the Zig-Zag, Flying-cloud and Zephyr, but they were rescued before any damage was done.

BADGE PRESENTATION.—Wm. H. Goodnow, secretary of the Seawanhaka Boat Club, of Greenpoint, L. I., was surprised on the night of Feb. 7, in having presented to him a solid gold badge, with a wreath and scroll raised in gold on the face, and at the bottom two golden sculls, crossed. The inscription in letters of raised gold, reads: "Presented to Wm. H. Goodnow by the members of the Seawanhaka Boat Club."

SYDNEY EDWARDS, aged 19, defeated Harry Ireland, about ten years his senior, in a mile race, straightaway, for £100, at Victoria, Australia, some time ago. Ben Rolls was referee and Frank Hewitt, the pedestrian, starter.

SALE OF J. G. BENNETT'S DOGS.—The collection of valuable canines composing the kennel of James Gordon Bennett was disposed of by public auction, at Major Charles W. Barker's New York Tattersalls, on Wednesday, Feb. 7. There was quite a large attendance of spectators, but they were attracted mainly by a feeling of curiosity, as the bidding was far from spirited, and the entire lot may be said to have been got rid of at a great sacrifice, as may be judged from the following prices: Two Gordon setters, originally purchased for $1,000, brought but $38.50 the pair; four English mastiffs, from $12 to $14 apiece; an Irish setter-bitch, eighteen months old, $5; cocker-spaniels, from $18 to $3. The auctioneer is a very good barker, but he failed to impress upon the minds of the sportsmen present the importance of securing a living memento of the wandering hero of the mysterious duel.

WE HAVE A LETTER for Edward Mullen.

MCLAUGHLIN VS. CAVANAGH.—A telegram states that a match "for $500 a side" and door-money, collar-and-elbow holds, has been made between Col. J. H. McLaughlin and John Cavanagh (a new man, who is said to hail from the Green Mountain State, and is likewise quite unknown to fame outside of that commonwealth), to be decided at Utica on Tuesday, Feb. 20. If no understanding exists between Mac and Jacob Martin (who, we are assured, still honestly considers himself able to vanquish the ex-champion), the public would like to know why the challenge issued by the latter is not accepted, and his two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar deposit covered. Something wrong here.

MILLER VS. BAUER—CHALLENGES AND MONEY.

Efforts are being made to arrange what promises to be a genuine money-match between those Greco-Romanists, William Miller and Th. Bauer, and that such a consummation may be reached is most ardently desired by those who admire and are ever ready to lend liberal support to up-and-up athletic contests, but who are thoroughly disgusted with hippodrome performances. In wrestling, as in everything else, honesty will in the end prove to be the best policy, and the public will be gratified to see these old antagonists in so-called matches acting on the principle. On the 6th inst. Miller, who had arrived from Canada a few days previously, issued a challenge to wrestle anybody in said style, for from $200 a side up. He backed this up with a deposit of $50, placed in our hands, which was covered on the same day by Bauer, who replied in point to Miller's duty, saying that Col. McLaughlin has accepted his (Bauer's) previous challenge to wrestle any style for $500 a side; but that, after the lapse of six weeks from the 6th inst., he would be prepared to meet Miller in a Greco-Roman match, either two in three or three in five falls, for from $200 to $500 a side; also saying that, had Miller covered his previously-posted forfeit of $100, he would have been accommodated first. On the 12th inst. Miller called at our office and left the subjoined, to which the attention of the party of the second part is called:

NEW YORK, Feb. 12, 1877.

FRANK QUEEN Esq.—*Sir:* I deposited $50 at your office, on Tuesday, Feb 6, to make a match to wrestle Mr. Thieband Bauer, Greco-Roman style, either best two in three or three in five falls, for $200 a side or upwards; the match to take place within three weeks from to-day in New York City, or four weeks from date of challenge, published on the same day, which is sufficient time if he means business. After that expect no concessions with me. If he does it will only be an acknowledgment to the public that he is afraid to wrestle me. I am ready to make a match with anyone for not less than $200 a side.

Yours respectfully,
PROF. WILLIAM MILLER,
Champion Greco-Roman Wrestler of America and Canada.

HANDBALL IN PHILADELPHIA.—A series of matches for the benefit of Hugh Judge, the once champion player of Philadelphia, who is now lying ill of consumption, took place in that city Feb. 6, 7. Barney Doyle and Sergeant Duffy kindly consenting to take charge of affairs. Phil. Casey, the champion, and Alderman Jim Dunn came on from Brooklyn, and Barney McQuade from New York, expressly to lend a helping hand for their old comrade and quondam opponent. With the assistance of Frank Burke, Ben Fleming and Harrison—three of Philadelphia's best players—some very interesting and closely-contested games were arranged, Dunn and Fleming beating Casey and Harrison the best three in five games at the Centennial Ball Court, and Burke beating Dunn at the same establishment; while at 913 Carpenter street McQuade and Dunn defeated Casey and Burke. These last five games were brilliantly contested, McQuade and Dunn winning the second, fourth and fifth, by the respective scores of 21 to 8, 21 to 13 and 21 to 13, while Casey and Burke won their two games by scores of 21 to 19 and 21 to 11.

ATHLETIC SPORTS ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.—Mr. Appleby, proprietor of the Central Park Garden, Seventh avenue and Fifty-ninth street, this city, is perfecting arrangements for a grand athletic entertainment, consisting mainly of sparring, Greco-Roman, collar-and-elbow, and Cornwall and Devon wrestling, which is to take place at that establishment on the anniversary of Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22. The chief event in the boxing-line will be a prolonged passage-at-arms between Johnny Dwyer and Prof. Wm. Miller, while the latter, Ernest Treher, Harry Howard, W. F. Austin, Browning and Ellis and others are expected to illustrate the different modes of wrestling. Boxing-matches between others, and performances of a different character, will fill out the programme, afternoon and evening.

A NEWFOUNDLAND SLUT, only nine months old and weighing over 70lb., is offered for sale by Chas. A. Glyn, whose address find in our business department.

IMPORTED game fowls are advertised for sale by Robert O'Farrell.

A NEGRO having been brought up before a magistrate, and convicted of pilfering, the magistrate began to remonstrate. "Do you know how to read?" "Yes, massa—little." "Well, don't you ever make use of the Bible?" "Yes, massa, strap him razor on him sometimes."

AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE COMIQUE,
514 BROADWAY.
HARRIGAN & HART.....Proprietors
M. W. HANLEY.....Manager
Continued triumph of
HARRIGAN AND HART
and
OUR IRISH COUSIN AND OUR ZOUAVES.
First appearance at this theatre in two years of the eccentric comedian
HARRY G. RICHMOND,
who will present
THE MODERN SCHOOL OF ACTING,
WITH BILLY BARRY AS THE PUPIL.
NEIL BURGESS
in his burletta of
FUN, THE COMING WOMAN,
with Mr. Harry Thorne as Barnaby Bibbs. McKee and Seamon, the monarchs of song-and-dance. Evenings and Wednesday and Saturday Matinees. 47 1t

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE,
8th avenue, cor. 23d street.
POOLE & DONNELLY.....Lessees and Managers
RESERVED SEATS FIFTY CENTS.
FIFTH GRAND DAILY REVIVAL
Mr. Augustin Daly's Splendid Emotional Play,
MONSIEUR ALPHONSE.
MONSIEUR ALPHONSE.
New Scenery, Costumes and Appointments.
FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE COMPANY CAST.
MATINEES
WEDNESD

BEES AND BUTTERFLIES.

A LAY OF ST. VALENTINE.

I.

The morning of Saint Valentine
  Breaks balmy, soft and tender;
The primrose buds and celadine
  Burst forth in early splendor
'Mid crocuses with varied ray
  And pallid Christmas-roses,
While in the snow-encumbered clay
  The violet reposes.

II.

The sunlight gleams upon the fields,
  The birds in boughs are singing,
The woods in glow that Spring-time yields
  With melody are ringing.
And many a heart in quiet homes
  Awakes to greet the morning—
The herald of the Spring that comes
  Gives also love's forewarning.

III.

See tiny Mabel grasp her prize
  With hasty, eager fingers,
While Maud, with lovelight in her eyes,
  Upon the message lingers.
To one the kindly martyr brings
  A ray of joy unbroken—
Her sister's inmost fancy sings
  The melody unspoken.

IV.

Ah, budding Mabel! Happy youth
  Asks little for its pleasure;
Untroubled maidenhood, in truth,
  Demands but modest measure.
Yet while you dream your pleasant dreams,
  Remember in your dreaming
There still are those for whom scant gleams
  Of love and hope are beaming.

V.

The toy that is so light for you
  Is heavy in the making,
And they may play with hearts—'tis true—
  The while their own are breaking.
The pleasant, fragrant soft perfume,
  The subtle scent that pleases,
Is sickly in the stifling room
  Beyond the morning breezes.

VI.

'Tis hard to rhyme on marriage-bells
  That ring for you no cadence;
Too oft an aching bosom tells
  Glad message to glad maidens.
In all your youth's untroubled sea,
  Where comes no surf, no breaker,
Give pause for pity in your glee
  To mournful laughter-maker.

VII.

Ah, well—for life is long for all,
  And time to each brings duty—
Alike its cares and sorrows fall
  On shabbiness and beauty.
From the far end that tarries not
  The gleam that hath no sadness
Gilds mournful and unshadowed lot
  With endless rays of gladness.

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY LOUIS BROCKWAY.

A clear November night! The ancient city,
Stately and grand, is flooded bright
With the blaze of a thousand lamps.
Her gorgeous temples and her princely palaces
Tower high in air, outliving centuries.
A festal night! Thronged her pleasure-halls,
Thronged her fair streets, her housetops thronged
With fashion and with beauty. Fast sped the hours!
Too fast! but he who the Sphynx's problem solved
Could not have guessed; yet the skeleton sat—
Sat at the festal board—sat along with the rest.
The night wore on, but revelry still held the hour,
And the song was sung and the wine was poured,
When softly the spectre arose from the board.
They saw him not, but they heard a rear
Louder than all the thunder; and fierce flames,
Hotter than Pluto's realms, burn in the southern sky,
The harbingers of death. No time for thought,
For prayer, for supplication. A fiery sea
Falls on their hovels and their palaces—
Heeds not the maddening yell of wild despair,
The infant's feeble wail, the mother's piercing cry;
Heeds youth nor age, nor mortal power,
But falls in a terrible, burning shower
Throughout the fearful night. What mattered fame
Or wealth or beauty then? That one fell hour
Purged them from mortal view. Ah! Life and Death
Walked arm in arm that night; and when the fiery sun
Rose in the glowing east, flooding the earth
With its world-conquering light, he gazed in vain
For one fair city, whose marble palaces
Reflected back his own expiring beams
When, on the eve before, he sank beneath the sea.

BOSTON TOM;

OR,

THE STORY OF A CONVICT.

CHAPTER III.

ST. PETER'S ISLAND.

We looked about us. The day was upon us, and the sun, just risen, was already hot in our faces. The sea was calm, with a light breeze blowing from the land. The ship had disappeared.

"No sail in sight, nor any shore," said Ben Croll, looking at a pocket-compass. "Heart up, pretty." That was what he always said. "There's water on board, also provisions, though not what we might wish for the likes of you. I thought it might come to this, and I victualled her. There's land on the starboard, if I'm not much mistook in it. Land-ho, Island—St. Peter's Island, where we'll be picked up when we get there. Mr. Warneford, sir, help me hoist the sail." We carried a mast and one small sail. Ben managed the ropes, while I steered under his orders. But first we rigged up, by means of the spare oar, some rough kind of covering to protect our passenger; and then we sailed on in silence, wrapped in our thoughts, while the boat danced upon the waves, leaving its little track of white foam behind it. A peaceful, quiet and happy day. Helen tells me she was not afraid all that time, nor was I. We were in a little open boat on the open sea—no room for dangers, for our safety in the continuance of fine weather; we were dependent for landing anywhere on old Ben's knowledge of the seas and recollection of the chart. He knew the latitude and longitude of the boat, making allowance in dead-reckoning for the time when we left the ship, and he knew the latitude and longitude of the island. I drew a rough chart from his information on the back of a letter which Helen had in her pocket. It had two places marked on it—the position of the ship Lucy Derrick at noon, September 15, 1851, and the island of St. Peter.

It was a rough-and-ready way of reckoning, but I managed to place the position of the ship as near as possible where we left her, and Ben began to study the chart.

"Now, whether to put her head nor'west by nor or give her an extra point in a northerly direction beats me quite. And these currents which, in these little half-weather crafts, we aint able to guard against, and the sea which lies on her on and off like. But St. Peter's lies over there. Heart up, pretty. We'll fetch land to-morrow, with the blessing of the Lord."

It was Ben who served out the rations and water, of which we had a keg, besides a bottle of rum, and two or three bottles of wine, which had found their way among Ben's stores.

The sun went over our heads, and began to roll down in the west, but there was no life upon the waters except ourselves; no birds, no great or little fish, nothing to break the solitude. At a little after seven the sun went quite down, and in half an hour we were in darkness. The breeze freshened, but Ben kept up the sail till I told him that I was dropping to sleep from sheer weariness. Then he took in the canvas, and resumed his place in the stern. Like a thoughtless and ungrateful wretch as I was, I threw myself into the bottom of the boat, and should have been asleep in five minutes but for our passenger, who called the crew to prayers.

She was our chaplain as well as our guardian angel; her sweet voice went up to Heaven for us all as she sang the evening hymn. Then there came over me—the first time in five years—that old feeling. I have always new, that whether I lived or whether I died, all would somehow be well; and with the feeling upon me I laid my tired head upon the boards and was asleep in a moment.

It was far advanced in the night when I awoke to relieve Ben. He had stripped himself of his coat and laid it over the shoulders of the sleeping girl, and was sitting in his shirt-sleeves. As I stepped lightly over her form, to take the strings from his hand, he whispered me:

"Mate, was that true—them words as Boston Tom spoke in the boat?"

"I have been a convict," I replied.

"How did he know that?"

"I cannot tell you; I wish to Heaven I could."

"What did he mean by saying he would tell you who really done it? Done what?"

"Done the forgery for which I was condemned. I am innocent, Ben Croll. Before God, I am innocent."

He was silent a while.

"I can't see my way plain. One thing's got to be said. We may toss about in these seas till our water's gone; we may get cast away; we may be wrecked. I aint so old but I can make a fight for life yet; and I aint so young but what I may look to be called first. You may be innocent of that there forgery, or you may be guilty. No concern of mine. Innocent or guilty, don't matter now; and which-ever way it were, Mr. Warneford, the guilt of puttin' another man's name to a bit of paper is like the guilt of a baby crying at the wrong time, compared to the guilt of ill-treating the sweet young lady."

"I pray God," I returned, "that He will deal with me in His wrath if I shall deal with her unworthily."

"And He will punish me afresh for the deed I never committed, if I prove myself unworthy of this charge."

"That will do," said Ben: "and, now we understand each other, I think I'll turn in. Keep her head so. Steady."

I let him sleep till the day was high. When the first cold breeze of the morning touched our lady's face, she opened her eyes, and presently sat up beside me, and we talked.

That is to say, she talked. She told me about herself—how her mother was dead in England, and her father had taken her out to Australia five or six years ago. He was a barrister by profession, but he had no practice, and a very little money. So he went to Melbourne, bought a little piece of land with a log-house on it, and tried to practice there; only no clients came to him, or very few, and it was an uphill battle he had to fight. Then came the gold-fever, and, like the rest of the world, he would be off to the diggings to make his fortune, while his child was sent off home out of the way.

All this story took a length of time to tell, and before it was done old Ben woke up with a start. He looked round the sea, as if to make quite sure that we had not gone to the bottom in his sleep; and then nodding cheerfully to his charge and to me, began to scan the horizon to the north and north-west.

"Land!" he cried, pointing to what seemed a little bank of cloud, as big as a man's hand, rising out of the circle of which we were the centre. "Land ahead of us. Land thirty miles off. Heart up, my pretty, and a double ration for breakfast. Now, Mr. Warneford, the breeze is light, but we'll up sail and make what running we can. Maybe by noon we must get the sculls out."

Our captivity in the boat had been too short for us to feel any of the sufferings or disappointed hopes which make the story of a shipwreck so often tragic. We had suffered nothing beyond exposure on a Summer sea for four-and-twenty hours. But the certainty of a speedy deliverance paled my cheek, and brought the tears to Miss Elwood's eyes.

"Let us have morning prayers," she said; "and thank God for this deliverance."

Ben Croll nodded. At the same time he cut an inch or so of tobacco for a fresh filling, and winked at me as much as to say that we were not out of the wood yet.

We were not, indeed.

The land, as we drew nearer, seemed a long and low inlet, without any hills, and covered with some sort of low-lying vegetation. It was less than thirty miles from us, because while it was seven in the morning when it became visible, by ten we were within a mile, beating about for the best place of landing.

"Port Island of St. Peter!" said Miss Elwood. "I never heard of that island; tell me about it, Mr. Croll."

"No one never heard about it," said Ben, "except them as made the charts, because no one never goes there. But they pass by, do the ships, and they will pick us up. It may be to-morrow, it may be in a year's time, it may be in ten years' time. Whalers have been known to touch there, so there must be water; and where there's water there's birds; and where's there's water there's fish; and so what I says again is, heart up, my pretty. Luff, Mr. Warneford."

There was a little creek, up which Ben steered the boat; it opened into a round bay or harbor, capable of holding half the ships in the world. On either side was the land, not in cliffs or hills, but in a low table-land. In one place a little cascade, ten or twenty feet high, fell into the blue water, with a rainbow hanging over it, and in another we saw the remains of a rude log-house built out of boat-planks. To this spot we steered, and landed on a point of gray sand, up which we two men pulled the boat high and dry above the tide. There we disembarked our young lady. The first thing to do was to visit the log-house. The door had fallen from its hinges, which had been of leather; there had been a rough kind of window-shutter, which now lay on the ground; and the roof, which could never have been weather-tight, was built up with planks, of which half-a-dozen had been blown off. We looked inside.

On the floor lay a skeleton dressed in rough sailor's clothes, the hands in gloves, the feet in great boots—a skeleton. He lay with his head upon his arm, as if he had given up the ghost painlessly. Beside him were a chair, a rude sort of table, and a bed. Shelves had been rigged up in the walls of the house, and on these stood stores. There were bottles still full of rum, tins of provisions, cases of biscuits, and various other articles of sailors' use. We stood looking in horror at this spectacle of death, which greeted us on our landing as if it were a bad omen.

"Dead," said Ben Croll; "dead this many a day, and no ships touched here all the time. Well, he's left his house to us, Mr. Warneford; we must bury him somehow."

"And are we to live here—here—in the same house?" cried Helen. "Oh, it will be like living in a charnel-house."

So it would; but what were we to do? Finally we hit on a compromise. We would take down the frame-work when we had buried the skeleton, and rebuild the house farther up. We looked in the dead man's pockets—there was not a scrap of paper to identify him by, not any morsel of writing anywhere to show who he was and what had been his history. Ben Croll took off the boots, the overcoat, and the gloves, as well as a watch and a purse containing some English money. Then we dug, with the aid of a two-inch board, a grave in the sand, and laid the poor bones to rest until the Last Day. When we came back from our dreary job we found that Miss Elwood had been weeping—at least the tears stood in her eyes; but she brushed them away, and made herself helpful, running backwards and forwards to the boat, and bringing up everything that she could carry.

Our house was not finished for several days; but we made a tent for her, and slept in front of it ourselves, as there was no harm anything might come to her except over our own bodies. In the daytime we were busy building. We found a bag of tools, part of the bequest of our poor Robinson Crusoe, which came in handy, as you may believe; and on the fourth day we had as neat a house, twelve feet high, and in the inside fifteen by ten, as you could expect to find. There was but one room; but we made two at night by a curtain made out of the boat's sail. And when the house was finished we sat down and asked ourselves, "What next?"

Miss Elwood, while we were building, explored the whole island. There was not much to explore. It was, as near as we could make out, a mile long by half a mile broad. There were two springs on it, one of which formed the little stream which pounded its water into the bay where we landed. There were multitudes of sea-birds running and flying about the place, whose eggs we took for our food. There was a sort of wood in one place, the trees of which were so blown down and beaten about by the wind that none of them were more than ten feet high. The branches were interlaced, and mingled together in inextricable confusion. The middle part of the islet was, in fact, lower than the edges, and covered with grass; and at the western point there stood, all by itself, a rock about forty or fifty feet high round which hovered and flew perpetually myriads of birds.

I found a way to the top of this rock, and planted there our signal of distress—a long white streamer flying from the mast of the boat, which we managed to stick pretty firmly into a cleft of the rock.

This rigged up, we settled down to our new life The manner of it was as follows:

We began with morning-prayers, said by our chaplain. Then breakfast. Then, in fine weather, Ben and I went fishing in the bay—not far from the land, you may be sure, because Helen begged us, with tears in her eyes, not to risk being carried out to sea, and leaving her alone upon the island. When we had luck, we would bring home enough fish for dinner and breakfast too. On such days we were sparing with our stores. Then for dinner, besides the fish, we had sea-bird's eggs, strong in taste, but not unwholesome, boiled or fried; and, sometimes, to vary the diet, we knocked down the birds themselves and roasted them. For firewood we had our little coppice to cut and hack at. Our supper was the same as our dinner; and, as the evenings soon grew cold and chilly, we used after supper, to sit all three together round the fire of logs, and talk till Ben gave the word to turn in. Then evening prayers and sleep till dawn.

Sitting before the fire in these long evenings of Winter, when we did not care to waste our little stock of candles, it was natural that we should get to know each other, and it stood to reason that I should be asked to tell my story over and over again. At first I could see that old Ben distrusted me. A convict, he thought, must needs be a thief. Else how should he be a convict? He trusted me, however, with the young lady; he could depend upon me for my share of duty. But that story of innocence was, for a long time, too much for him; and it was a joyful moment for me when, one evening, Ben held out his hand to me.

"There," he said. "I can't help it; I've tried hard to help it, but I can't. My lad, you are as innocent as I am. You could not steal if you were to try. Show me the man as says you could!"

I went through it all from the beginning, picking up a thread here and a forgotten detail there. Miss Elwood, listening, was putting it together, until she knew as much as I knew myself.

Ben Croll, taking small interest in the details, contented himself with the main facts. It was enough for him that a great crime had been committed and the wrongdoer never punished. While we talked in those long Winter evenings, he sat silent in his own corner. Then he would smoke a wall, until the time arrived when he could smoke the one half-pipe which he allowed himself for a daily ration.

And the story came to this. I tell it here because it was told so often during our stay on the island.

On Friday morning, August 18, 1846, I went as usual to the office of Sylvester, Cayley & Co., being then a clerk in the firm of Batterick & Baldwin, of five years' standing, getting on for one-and-twenty years of age, in the receipt of a salary, handsome for my age and standing, of a hundred and twenty pounds a year. I lived just south of the Borough, between the church and Kennington-common, having my little sister Ruth with me as lodgings. Ruth was at school all day, but had tea ready for me when I reached home, which happened, unless a press of work kept me longer, not later than six.

After tea I went through her lessons with the child, and at nine o'clock she went to bed. In those days it was reckoned a bad sign for a young city man to be out late at night, or to smoke, or to frequent taverns; and there were no music halls or such places. Day after day that was my simple life. A week's holiday in the Autumn gave me a run with Ruth to Herne Bay or Gravesend, just to smell the sea. There was no one else of my father's whom we visited at regular intervals. I knew nothing of the dissipations and vices of the great city, and was as unsuspicious of them as if they did not exist. That was my life—the life of a hard-working city clerk, hoping by long years of patient work to rise to the higher levels of good salary and comparative affluence. As I have said above, I had already risen above the heads of some, my seniors in point of age.

Friday morning, Aug. 18, 1846, I was at the office-door when the city-clocks began striking nine. I was at my desk before the last stroke of the last clock had sounded. Then I was sent for: Mr. Baldwin, the chief partner, wanted me. He was busy when I went in, and hardly looked up. He had a message of some importance to give me, which it would have taken time to write. He explained the circumstances at full length, and instructed me as to the form in which I was to set them forth. He was particular in his instructions, as I knew things put in language as definite as possible. When I quite understood what I was to say, and how I was to say it, I asked him if there was anything else I could do for him. He looked round, and, taking an envelope which lay at his elbow, half opened it and handed it to me.

"You can cash that little check for me, Warneford, if you will be so kind," he said. "I will take it in gold."

I took the envelope without looking at the contents, and went away.

After executing my first commission and receiving a satisfactory answer, I returned to the office, and my foot was on the threshold, when I suddenly remembered the check. It was lucky, I thought, because Mr. Baldwin was in the clerk's office, and with him a gentleman who I remembered afterwards was one of the partners in the firm of Sylvester, Cayley & Co., our bankers. I ran to the bank as fast as I could, threw the envelope across the counter, and said: "Gold, please," as I pulled out my handkerchief and wiped my forehead, for the day was hot.

The clerk opened the check, looked at me with surprise for a moment, and then left the counter, while he went first to the door, and said something to the porter, and then walked into the inner room. He came back to me after two or three minutes, and said: "You must go inside, please; go quietly. It's all up at last."

Now, I declare that I knew no more what he meant than a child; but I supposed there was some message for Mr. Baldwin, and I went into the inner room, filled with clerks, where the real business of the bank was transacted. Everybody looked at me oddly as I walked to the end at which the partners and managers were to be found. One of them seemed to be waiting for me; he pointed to a chair.

"Sit down," he said, "and wait."

The tone of his voice was not encouraging, but I obeyed and waited. Not a single thought crossed my brain that there was or could be anything wrong.

In ten minutes or so a policeman appeared, and I understood I was to go with him.

I thought it must be as a witness, and it was not till I was at the Mansion House that I knew I was arrested on a charge of forgery.

I laughed—it was so absurd that I laughed.

"Send for Mr. Baldwin," I said.

They put me in the dock for the preliminary examination, which was to take no evidence. He was shaken and agitated; he would not look me in the face. He broke down once or twice with emotion, but his evidence was clear. It had been discovered a day or two before that a system of embezzlement, by way of forgery, had been in practice for some months. The signature of the firm had been forged by someone who knew how to imitate the handwriting of Mr. Baldwin. A sum—in all amounting to upwards of nine hundred pounds—had been thus fraudulently obtained. To stop the forger, Mr. Baldwin had been asked by the bank to add a private mark to his name. On this morning he had placed in my hands, he said, an envelope containing a check for twelve pounds, with his signature having the private mark, and he had asked me to cash that check at the bank. He swore positively that he had drawn that check, and no other, the day before—the counterfoil proved that—yet the check I presented was for eighty pounds, and it had not the private mark.

Observe, now, how the evidence grew more and more circumstantial. I had one check given me; I presented another. Doubtless I must have torn up the first on the way. Then an important circumstance. I came back from executing my commission, but did not cash the check. I got as far as the door of the office; I was seen to look in and retreat hurriedly. Mr. Baldwin was in the clerks' room, with one of the partners of the bank. I walked fast, or rather ran, to the bank. I presented the check for eighty pounds in a quick, anxious way, and I asked for the whole amount in gold. Naturally, it was assumed that I was going to abscond with the proceeds of my last forgery. In fact, no question at all was raised as to my guilt; that was concluded from the very beginning. The Lord Mayor refused bail, and I was sent at once to the prison, which I only left in order to be tried and convicted.

That was the story. I told it again and again, while the wood-fire crackled on the hearth. Miss Elwood asked me for every detail; she talked the matter over, and looked at it in all its lights, but she always came back to one point.

"Mr. Baldwin gave you a check which he had drawn the day before. How could he swear that the envelope had not been changed by someone else?"

And there was another point. It was assumed, though the charge was not pressed, that I had been the forger in the preceding frauds. Now, no clerk could forge the name of his employer and utter the forged checks. Also it was proved in the defense that my life was quite quiet, innocent, and simple. Every hour of my day was laid open for the jury. No motive was discovered for the circumstance, no secret source of extravagance was ascertained; and it was found that the frauds had been committed by means of a check-book—got Heaven knows where—not that in the possession of Mr. Baldwin. No attempt was made to find out how I could have obtained another check-book.

But these were trifles light as air in comparison with the weight of the circumstances against me.

Always Miss Elwood came back to the same point.

"Who could have changed the envelope with Mr. Baldwin's check?"

I do not say that the discussion of my story occupied the whole of our time on the island of St. Peter. We had to work all day, and often we were glad to turn in soon after dark. In the Summer time we walked and talked outside, and we were always looking for the ship that was to give us our release.

At first we looked with certainty. Every morning I made the same gesture of disappointment. In a few months we got to look on deliverance as a thing possible, indeed, but far off. After two years we no longer dared to hope. In the third year we sometimes looked at one another with eyes which said what the tongue dare not utter: "We are prisoners for life."

Our stores by this time had wellnigh vanished, save a few bottles of wine kept for medicine, the only medicine we had. Old Ben was fain to smoke tobacco compounded of herbs which he gathered and dried. We had learned by this time the resources of our island, and knew exactly what variety it afforded, and what was best for us to eat. There was plenty, such as it was. The birds did not desert us, nor the fish; there were eggs, there was a kind of wild lettuce, there was abundance of fresh water, and there was still a tin of biscuits for Miss Elwood, in case she might take a dislike, as happened once, to the simple food of our island-life. We fell into the way by degrees of arranging our days, as if there was never to be any change. For myself, I almost think now that, but for one thing, I did not positively suffer

A MAID'S FOREVER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Sadly they stood at the garden-gate—
At the garden-gate in the bright June weather;
He had kissed her and spoken the last farewell,
And hand-in-hand they stood together;
"Yes, yes," sobbed she, "from my heart of hearts
Erased shall your image be, ah! never;
I will love you, and wait for you years and years—
Aye, if I must, I will wait forever!"

Over the sea he sped his way.
A little year: in the bright June weather
Two there stood at that garden-gate,
Exactly as *they* had stood together;
Another's lips to her own were pressed
As she cried: "O love me, and leave me never!"
And the nightingale sang in the boughs above—
"Not very long is a maid's forever!" J. H. B.

BARBARA ALLEN THE BETRAYED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MARION SACKETT.

An old farm-house, the low windows half concealed by morning-glories, through which the bright afternoon's sun crept and danced upon the spotless kitchen-floor. Great rows of shining milk-pans adorned the wooden dresser. The clock ticked loudly in its corner, the sound being all that broke the stillness of the room; for it was vacant, though not for long. Presently a girl's merry laugh was heard, and there entered a fair young country-maiden, fresh and sweet as a daisy, followed by a gentleman who was remarkably handsome, and distinguished in appearance. The girl's arms were filled with water-lilies.

"There," she exclaimed as she carelessly tossed aside her large straw-hat.

"Have we not had a delightful afternoon? And these lilies, are they not beautiful, and worth the trouble you had to find them for me?"

He smiled down into her pretty eyes, and, as he toyed with her golden curls in a caressing manner, said gravely:

"Nothing I can ever do to add to your happiness, Barbara, would be considered a trouble to me, for in yours I find my own. And now tell me, dear one, if you have an answer ready for the question I asked you last evening? I am growing impatient, sweet-heart. Come, say yes or no, and remember, Barbara, that your answer will make me either the happiest or most miserable of men."

He stooped and kissed her as he ceased speaking—kissed her passionately—his first kiss. She drew back, saying:

"Oh, please don't do that, Mr. Domay—it is not right."

"Not wrong, certainly, my Barbara, when I love you, and hope to call you my wife."

"Your wife! Oh, what would indeed be heaven; but I fear it can never be."

"Never be?" he repeated after her. "Then you refuse my offer, and you do not care for me."

"Oh, no, not that," she replied; and then, as the rich color deepened in her cheeks: "I do love you fondly and with my whole heart; but *think*, Mr. Domay, how different my station in life is from yours. You are rich and educated, with a position in the world. I have nothing to give in return for all you can offer me but my loving heart, for I am only a simple, ignorant country-girl, and poor. Would you dare to introduce me to your grand relations, to call me your wife before all those great people you have so often told me of? Oh, I could not bear that you should blush for me. No; a thousand times better for us to say farewell, even though it should break my heart. I could not live and know my husband was ashamed of me; and this is why I say that it cannot be—but we must part."

Her sobs grew loud, and she sank into a chair and hid her face in her trembling hands. All the good impulses in his nature were stirred as he listened to her voice and saw her tears. Why need he feel ashamed to claim her as his wife, and carry her to his home? His friends there were in the fashionable world who might, and with reason, envy her her guiltless young soul and pure heart; while, as far as beauty was concerned, she was the equal of any lady he had ever associated with. Then, if he did not want her for his wife, what were his intentions? He dare not answer that question. One thing he was certain of as he gazed at her, sitting there in her glorious beauty—he could not, would not, give her up. Besides, would it not be cruel for him to desert her now, after he had heard her say that she had given her heart to him? Ah! what delicious joy filled his heart when he thought that he had won her first and purest affections. Better, instead of taking her in his arms, as he did, that he had struck her down dead at his feet—aye, better for him, as well.

"Barbara, Barbara, my darling, listen to me," and she, feeling his arms about her, turned her tear-wet face towards him. "Speak not, my love, of the heartless world. What is wealth, position, society, everything, compared to the priceless love you have given? And who need feel ashamed to claim as his own so sweet a little rosebud? So, dry those tears, or rather let me kiss them away, while I hear you say once more: 'Paul, I love you.'"

All of a sudden the girl drew his face down to hers, and kissed him.

"Then take me, Paul, and I will strive so hard to please you; for indeed it would break my heart to give you up, since I love you so dearly. Perhaps my great affection will make amends for all I lack," and she smiled sweetly.

"My wife?" he whispered, as he held her closely to him.

"Yours only, dear Paul, until I die; and now you must go, for see," and she pointed to the clock, "it is near tea-time, and father will soon be in from the fields. Poor old father!" she added affectionately. "I must not forget him in my own happiness. May I tell him, Paul, when he comes in?"

"I would wait a few days," her lover replied rather uneasily. "Then I will speak to him myself."

"Oh, just as you say, dear Paul," Barbara made answer. "And now go."

A long kiss and a promise to meet him that evening in the arbor, at the foot of the garden, and she was alone. While she is laying the cloth for tea, let me tell you in a few words her simple history. Left at the age of twelve without a mother, she had grown up under the care of her father, a worthy farmer, for he had never married again—grown up to be his comfort and joy. The old man delighted in her beauty; but most of all, he admired her goodness of heart, her pretty winning ways, that won everyone who came near her.

"There 'ain't a prettier or better lass than my Barbara in all the country," he would say with fond affection, and, patting her dimple face with his hard hand. "And she be'ant ashamed of her old dad, either, is she, my pretty."

And then Barbara would put his gray hair back from his eyes, and, looking into them, would say proudly and with a world of love in her voice:

"No indeed, dear father, but oh! so thankful that I have him."

Now, when he came in, she poured out his tea, talking merrily the while, but never speaking of the thoughts that were uppermost in her mind, nor how had said she was to wait; but when her father had smoked his evening pipe and was resting upon the settee, she asked: "Would he miss her while she walked in the garden?"

"And art going to walk alone, Barbara?" he inquired.

"Nay, I cannot say for that, father," returned the girl. "I—I——"

"There, there, my lass, I see; I suppose it's the London chap who boards at the tavern yonder. No need to redden so. I was young myself once, and I would not be the one to put a stop to innocent enjoyment. Still, Barbara, my girl, I hardly like him. May be I be'ant a good judge, but his face tells me that his heart aint what it should be, though the neighbors do speak him fair enough, and say he's a right good sort. But no looking so downcast, my pretty," he continued as he noticed Barbara's eyes commencing to glisten. "I will speak again to him. Only don't let him steal my lass from me, and make her forget her old dad."

"That could *never* be, dear," the girl returned very earnestly. Stooping, she kissed him affectionately and ran out of the room, and in an instant after was listening to the false voice that was wooing her to destruction.

Some nine months after the events related, Barbara Allen stood one evening looking up and down the quiet country road. It was a clear, cold Winter's night; the moon shone brightly, and its pure rays lit up her anxious young face. She appeared greatly changed. Not that she looked ill, but she seemed sad and troubled.

"Will he come?" she kept repeating again and again. "He surely will not be so cruel as to disappoint me again to-night. I believe I shall die if he does. Poor old father!" and she turned towards the silent house. "He is sleeping soundly, but I—it seems as though I should *never* sleep again. Oh, this miserable pain in my heart, will it ever cease? How can I bear it longer?" and she rested her face upon her clasped hands and sobbed softly to herself.

She was so deeply buried in her painful thoughts that she did not hear the footsteps that were hastily approaching, and she started quickly and gave a faint cry, and then, when she saw who it was, said: "O Paul!" and wept again.

"Always in tears, Barbara—my accustomed greeting. They are getting to be rather monotonous. Poor Barbara, too, for a fellow who has traveled so many miles to see you, and in such beastly weather as this. I am chilled through."

"Come into the house, Paul. Father is asleep, and will not see you."

"No, thanks; we will stay here. You sent for me, and here I am. What do you want?"

"Oh, don't speak to me in that way, Paul, if you do not want me to drop dead at your feet. Did you have no desire to see me yourself? It is over two months since you were here."

"Business, Barbara: I could not come."

"Ah, *once* that would not have kept you from me," replied the poor girl.

"Come, come, Barbara, I am getting tired of your reproaches. I am afraid you will drive me away altogether. Come, try and dry your tears and give me a smile."

"I will try and smile, dear Paul; but it is hard to do so when the heart is breaking, and now I will tell you why I sent for you. I am in trouble, great trouble," she half whispered, "and you must hasten our marriage."

"Hasten our marriage!" he repeated after her with a laugh. "That is easier said than done, Barbara. You don't appear to have much confidence in my word. Have I not told you repeatedly of late that it was impossible for me to marry you at present? If that is all you have to ask of me, I may as well go; for I tell you, once for all, it is impossible."

"Then, Paul Domay, I am a ruined girl," Barbara answered in a quiet voice, standing calmly before him; but it was the calmness of despair. "Many months ago you asked me to be your wife. I begged you to leave me then, telling you that it would be far better to part. You would not listen, you would not go. You told me that your life would be desolate without me, and so I promised to be yours. Your wife, I believed myself such in your eyes and in Heaven's; for I was only a poor, simple girl, motherless, friendless, too, save for one poor old man. I trusted in your honor, Paul."

O the agony of her tones—O the bitterness of her tears.

"I am sorry that you are in trouble, Barbara," he returned coldly. "You should have thought of all this before. I will do all in my power to assist you, but I cannot marry you at present."

"But your promise, Paul. And think of my father—he will hate me, will cast me off for bringing shame upon his honest name; or, worse, die himself, perhaps." And at the thought of him she loved so well all her calmness left her, and she wept aloud. "O Paul, Paul! once more I beg of you, for his sake, for another's, I will not name, make me your wife. I will be your humble slave, work for you all the days of my life, ask nothing from you but your name. See, Paul, I am at your feet—I am at your feet."

But he only answered, though he was not unmoved:

"It cannot be."

"Then may Heaven forgive you, Paul Domay!" And she rose and stood white and still before him. "May you never have cause to regret this night. And when you are praying to a higher power for mercy, may He not be so deaf to your prayers as you have been to mine! Farewell!" And with one bitter cry, which told of a broken heart, she threw her arms around him, kissing him wildly. "O Paul, my only love, farewell, farewell forever!" She moved quickly away from him and was lost to his sight. For an instant he thought that he would call her back. All her great love for him, her earnest belief in his affection for herself, her childish trust in his honor, all rose before him, reproaching him for his cruelty in thus deserting her in her direst hour of need.

"Poor little Barbara," he said, half sadly, "how she has loved me! Shall I ever again find so faithful a breast? But, pshaw! I cannot marry her. Am I not engaged to Mabel? I am sorry for her too, upon my honor. She shall not suffer for money. I will see to that at once. And now to catch the next train back to London."

And without one glance towards the farm-house, where he had brought ruin and despair, he turned and went on his way.

Money! Did he think that that would pay for Barbara Allen's broken heart, her blasted reputation. As the days passed the farmer noticed a great change in his dear lass, which frightened him sadly. Her face grew white and thin, and her eyes looked dull and heavy, as though her nights were sleepless. He would ask anxiously:

"Art ill, Barbara girl?"

She would answer quickly:

"Nay, dear, I am very well—only a little tired. No need to worry."

He would shake his gray head, as though not half convinced. He wondered if she was missing the London chap, as he called Paul Domay, who had disappeared some months before. He knew nothing of Paul's last two visits. He was half afraid that she had given her heart to the stranger, and was suffering bitterly for her folly. That the man had wronged his motherless child most foully he did not dream, he could not bring himself to speak to her about it, and she never mentioned her betrayer's name. Barbara used to follow her father about the house almost like his shadow. It seemed as though she could not do enough for him. She would sit all through the long Winter evenings reading to him, and as they were about to part for the night she would come to his side, and as she received his good-night kiss would say plaintively:

"Dear father, you are sure that I have left nothing undone that could add to your comfort to-day, and you believe that I love you very, very dearly, and shall as long as I live?"

And he would answer with a smile on his lips, though tears were in his eyes the while:

"Aye, certain sure, my pretty. There be'ant my Barbara's like in all the world. None so pure and true." But when he would say this—oh, so proudly—his girl's face would grow so deadly white that he would fain wish her good-night at once and try to find some roses on her pillows for her pale cheeks.

One night the old man had gone to one of the neighbors to pass the evening. His daughter had refused to accompany him, saying she had work to do, and, after his departure, she had seated herself at the table with writing materials before her. Her face was hidden in her hands, and she was sobbing bitterly.

"O Heaven forgive me for thus deserting him in his old age!" she moaned. "But how can I remain to tell him of my shame? No, I will write; and when he knows that his poor lass is far away, homeless and friendless, he may find it in his dear heart to forgive me. And if we never meet again in this world, I will pray daily and hourly to meet him in heaven. Alas! that I should bring this sorrow upon him. It seems as though every time I meet must know my miserable secret. Could I remain to be pitied by those who have known me ever since my innocent childhood? No; let me hide from them all, where none may look upon my pain and despair."

She wiped her tearful eyes, and, drawing the paper towards her, commenced to write. She had only written a few lines when she was startled to hear her father's step at the door. She hurriedly concealed the paper from sight as he entered the room and took his seat in silence.

"What! returned so soon, dear?" Barbara asked without looking at him, for she did not wish him to see she had been weeping.

"Come here, my lass; I have something to say to you."

She turned quickly and gazed at him, for there was something in his voice which startled her—looked at him, and saw that his face was deadly white, his form trembling.

"O father!" and without another word she came and knelt down beside him, hiding her face in her cold hands. Thus did they remain for many moments. Then her father laid his hand on her bowed head.

"My pretty, you be'ant ashamed to look your old dad in the face, that you hide your own from me. Look up and tell me that the whispers I heard this evening are false—that they lied when they said that my little Barbara, who has been my pride and blessing for seventeen years, was going to break her father's heart and bring shame upon his honest name."

Oh, why did she not die there at his feet, while he was waiting for her answer? Barbara thought.

"Not a word, my girl, not one?" and all of a sudden he commenced to weep loud and bitterly. As she saw his tears falling—falling down his wrinkled cheeks—as she looked at his white head, bowed down in shame for her, while yet no word of reproach or unkindness had dropped from his lips, her very heart seemed to stand still with awful despair, and, faintly crying:

"O, dear father, forgive!" she fell fainting at his feet.

Tenderly he lifted her up, up to his breast, where he held her close, praying her to speak to him, saying, oh so tenderly, that she was still his little Barbara—more sinned against than sinning—that *his* lips should never reproach her, and she, coming back to consciousness, hearing his gentle voice, feeling his kisses on her poor face, knowing that he forgave, could only weep and bless him, and, laying her cheek close to his, she whispered all her sad story—told him of her perfect trust in Paul Domay's honor, and of her undying love for her base betrayer—begged her father to let him go unharmed for her sake, and, looking sorrowfully at the inkstand scattered appearance, the farmer promised, for something seemed to tell him that soon for his dear lass would come that peace which passeth all understanding.

Two months later a little child was born under the shelter of the old farm-house, and its young mother lay dying. Very wan was the young face; but there was a glad light in the blue eyes, for she was so glad to lay down her weary burden—only for her babe and poor old father did she sigh. Passionately she kissed them both, these two she loved so well.

'O father, father! I leave him to comfort you. You will care for him for my sake; and if you can hide his mother's shame from him, do so. Call him Willie—your name, dear—and now kiss me, for I am so sleepy—so tired!"

And so, calmly, like a wearied child, she closed her eyes, never to open them more. And Barbara Allen had found her rest.

One evening, twenty-two years later, Paul Domay, a widower, and one of London's richest merchants, sat alone in his elegantly furnished library. He looked a very old man as he sat there, though his years numbered but fifty-two. His once black hair was silver white, and his magnificent form was bent and shrunken, while his face, that had been so handsome when we saw it last, was thin and haggard. Sitting in solitude, he heard the sweet voice of his daughter Mabel as she chatted with a gentleman in the drawing-room—listened to her voice with awful pain and remorse gnawing at his heart-strings. She was so happy, his bright-eyed darling, the only thing he loved in all the wide world, and he had striven to make her so through all her life. And now must his hand be the one to tear the veil from her innocent eyes, showing her his own villainy. She loved and honored him now. Would that all turn to hate when she heard the story of his past life? The history of his sin—his sin that was finding him out in his old age. How would she bear the blow that he must deal her. She was so delicate and frail he feared for her life, for she had inherited from her dead mother the nervous temperament. He shuddered as he thought of his wife and her sudden death. He had parted from her in the morning full of health and happiness, only to be recalled in an hour's time to find her dead. Since that hour he had watched his child, gratifying her every desire, and now——Listen as he speaks:

"O Barbara, Barbara! You are fearfully avenged, and all the bitter pain and misery I brought you came back to-day upon myself; not only on me, but on her my poor child. What's to be done to save her? My God! can it be true that Mabel *loves* her own half-brother? I was not mistaken in the boy; no, I knew him the moment my eyes rested on his face. What a handsome one it is, so like his mother's that I thought when first I met him that she had come back from her grave to upbraid me; and he bears her name when he has the right to mine. I listened one evening as he related to Mabel all his struggles to obtain a position in the world, and he has succeeded, and is now a brilliant writer. Yes; any man could be proud to call him son, for he is brave and noble. No wonder Mabel's gentle heart went out to him, for did he not rescue her from a fearful death? Would it have been better for her had those terrible horses trampled her delicate form in the dust under their feet? If I had not been worse than a coward, I would have taken him by the hand that morning and told them both the truth. But I did not dare, I was ashamed to lower myself in the eyes of my darling—to tell her of my crime, for it was a crime—and here in my breast I have felt for twenty-two years that I was a murderer. The old farmer long ago followed his daughter to the grave, and two months past his grandson saved my child—his sister—from death at the peril of his own life. Could I turn coldly away? No; I invited him here, never dreaming of danger, and my Mabel has fallen in love with the savior of her life, her *own brother!* Oh horror—horror!"

The cold drops stood upon Paul Domay's forehead, and he started to his feet and stood looking about him like some hunted animal that knew not where to turn. Yes, his sin had found him out, and Barbara's death was well avenged.

"Papa, papa, may I come in?"

And, without waiting for his answer, his daughter threw open the door, and, running to his side, stood on tiptoe to kiss him. Very beautiful was Mabel Domay, with shining brown hair and great dark eyes, while her skin was of dazzling fairness.

"Father, where have you been all this evening? And what right have you to steal away in this manner, leaving me to entertain Mr. Allen in the drawing-room? Oh, I suppose you think that Miss Lawton ought to assist. I know she is a dear old body, but she *will* fall asleep; and how funny she does look sometimes, for her head goes bobbing up and down, as though she was consenting to every remark that was made. But why do you look so grave, father?"

"Are you quite sure that you missed me this evening, my darling?" he answered, looking her anxiously in the face. With a deep blush she turned away. "I only too well he knew what brought the indecent color to her cheeks, and deeper and deeper sank his heart in his breast. "My child, listen to me; I have something to say to you. I am obliged to leave London for a year, perhaps longer—will you go with me and be my little companion?"

He waited anxiously for her reply.

"Are you going soon, papa?" and her voice was very low as she asked the question.

"Yes, dear, in a day or two."

"But will it not appear strange, our sudden departure? What will our friends say?"

"Why, you silly girl, is my business theirs?" and he tried to smile as he patted her fair cheek.

All at once she cried out:

"Oh, father, don't take me away from my happy home, from him I love."

"Whom do you mean, Mabel?

"Willie—Mr. Allen. O father! he loves me so dearly—do not part us."

She sank down on her knees before him, kissing his hands in her pretty, winning way. Tenderly he raised her to his arms as he said:

"My darling, have I not always tried to make you happy? Since your mother's death have I not devoted my whole life to you, never refusing your slightest wish? And now, when I tell you it is impossible for you to marry William Allen, will you not trust me?—believe that I am only speaking for your good, your own happiness? Come, kiss me, and tell me that you will go with me, and let this man pass out of your life forever."

Very white grew the young face as she said:

"Dear father, I shall never forget your tender care of me, but I love Willie so much that it would kill me to give him up. Why, I have promised this very evening to be his wife, and how can I consent to part from him while yet his kiss is warm upon my lips!"

"Hold—hold—m-mercy, hold! before you drive me mad!" Rising, he put from him. "Girl, I tell you you know not what you are saying. There is an awful guilt between you and William Allen. Shall I, *must* I, tell you what it is?" He glared wildly at the trembling girl. "I would have saved you this, I would have hidden my crime from you that you might have honored me still, but I see that it cannot be. Listen, then—I am the betrayer of his mother, and he is your brother."

For a moment Mabel stood and looked at him. With awful horror written on every feature of her face, suddenly she put her hand to her heart, and without a word fell at his feet. Madly he tore at the bell, calling the servants to his aid, but all in vain was their assistance. Mabel Domay was dead. And when upon the following morning William came, expecting to claim a bride, he found only the lifeless form of a sister, and learned that their father was the betrayer of his young mother, poor BARBARA ALLEN.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS--CLIPPER SERIES, NO. V.

THE CHARLESTON STAGE SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Alex. Placide and his Duel—Gilfert and his Duel with Young—Caldwell and his Duel with Holman—Mrs. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Duff, Spinacuta, Twaits, and the Placide Family.

Our third paper treated of the burning of the Richmond (Va.) Theatre. The purpose of the present one is to treat anecdotally of some of the actors who played in that theatre on the night of the conflagration, and much of what follows is from notes in possession of Mr. Henry J. Colton of this city, written by an old theatre-goer, and never before published.

The managers of the Richmond Theatre at the time reterred to were, as stated heretofore, Messrs. Alexander Placide, Wm. Green and William Twaits. A complete biography of the elder Placide would be exceedingly interesting, as he was a person of most extraordinary acquirements, whether he is regarded as a dancer on the tight-rope (in which he had no rival), as a manager, or as a man of wonderful mind and resources. Whether he was a native of France or an emigrant from San Domingo at the period of the revolution (about 1793), has never been satisfactorily determined. The first time I ever saw him was at Charleston, S. C., about 1801, dancing the tight-rope. At that period it was considered a great and graceful feat of address, and always drew crowded houses. Placide had with him a pantomimic dancer named Spinacuta; and it was a promised reward to the warrior in the boys' sham fight that they should go and see Placide and Spinacuta dance the tight-rope. The preparations for the dance were always imposing. The attendants, in livery, carried the rope to the centre of the pit, where it was duly attached and drawn upon the stage. A place above was set for the rope-dancing, and a row of wax-candles were placed at equal distances near the rope. Placide, habited in a light-silk Spanish dress, with silk stockings and pumps and two watch-chains, then greatly in fashion, made his appearance amid shouts of applause, Spinacuta playing on a tambourine with a chalked face and parti-colored pants. If my memory serves, Placide's first wife—an eminently beautiful French lady—also danced on the tight-rope; but I know not whether Harry and his brothers and sisters were by the first or second wife. The beauty of Mrs. Placide won her many admirable admirers, and the handsome and genial Quotem, Lingo, Dr. Pangloss, and characters of that peculiar feature, he had no rival in his lifetime. He was short and thin, with an squiline nose, a face to which he could impart any expression, and a mouth of infinite utility on the stage, and which he twisted into every possible comic shape. He had a large head, with stiff, carrotty hair, and was muscular yet meagre. He imagined, like many actors before and since, that he was a tragedian. He had a droll, asthmatic voice and some powers of ventriloquism, which he tested to such an extent on all occasions that from an asthmatic habit he fell into consumption. He was a man, in his line, of most decided talent. His face and figure were irresistibly comic, and he moved as if he were on wires. When much wasted by disease, he would hop around in Dr. Pangloss like the living skeleton.

Twaits had made his American debut on Nov. 23, 1803, at the Chesnut-street, Philadelphia. He was born in Birmingham, Eng., April 25, 1781, and died in this city on Aug. 22, 1814. While in this country he married Mrs. Villiers (*nee* Miss E. A. Wrestray, a native of Bath, Eng.), who died Dec. 13 1813. She had made her American debut June 8, 1801, at the Park Theatre, this city, as Angela in "The Castle Spectre."—ED. CLIPPER.]

ADDENDA TO "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

BLACK WALNUT, PA., Feb. 8, 1877.

DEAR CLIPPER.—In reading your last "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the dead "Uncle Toma," I notice one missing. In the year 1853 one Charles Whittle was playing the part with the Marsh Troupe in Chicago. Who he was, where he came from, or what has become of him, I do not know. He joined the troupe (Robt. G. Marsh's) there, in the east were little Mary Marsh, Walter Lennox, Douglas, etc. etc. I thought you might wish to perfect your list, and so write. Yours, etc., MNEMOSYNE.

Mr. Whittle may have been an actor improvised for the occasion. Several minstrel and circus performers have played Uncle Tom who never appeared upon the legitimate stage in any other character.—CHICAGO, Feb. 6.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* In your issue of Feb. 3 I notice an allusion to Mrs. Howard Rogers as having played in "Uncle Tom" at the Chatham Theatre in 1852 under the name of Mrs. H. F. Nichols. That being nearly two years before Mrs. Rogers came to this country, and her name being Jane Bass Dickens at that time, there is evidently a mistake. Mrs. Rogers is a sister of the late Mrs. W. H. Crisp, and the mother of Miss Genevieve Rogers, as you stated. The Mrs. Nichols you refer to is, or was, Mr. H. Nichols, the well-known Horace P. Nichols, a circus manager, and mother of the light-comedian and juvenile man Johnny Mortimer.

Yours respectfully, J. HOWARD ROGERS,
Scenic-artist, McVicker's Theatre, Chicago.

The Mrs. H. F. Nichols referred to in the 1852-cast of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is the lady who was formerly Mrs. Preston. It was supposed that she had married the scenic-artist whose note is given above, and hence the natural conclusion that she was the mother of Miss Genevieve Rogers.

With reference to some of the players in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as to whom a doubt was expressed, we are assured that J. L. Munroe really died in Chelsea, Mass., and that the Munroe reported as retired and practicing law in Rochester is a surviving brother of J. L. and Frank A. Mr. Harry Cunninghan informs us that he played with Rose Merrifield at a later period than that assigned as her disappearance from public view, and that she is still living in retirement, unless she has died quite recently. Mr. C. also informs us that J. L. Munroe was blacked up for this under protest, and received an extra salary for impersonating it at Barnum's Museum; and that the "Mrs." Palmer in the bill at Barnum's was the wife of Sefton Parry, now a manager in England. As was stated last week, she played for several seasons at the Bowery. Although he was not in the original cast, yet another prominent actor in the original run of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at Barnum's is to be mentioned. After the withdrawal of Howard, who played George Harris, the late Corson W. Clarke doubled that part along with St. Clair, and was played by Milnes Levick, who assumed the role of Harris. As to J. M. Cooke, who played Arthur Sedley in the first American version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (C. W. Taylor's), and who broke an arm, and not a leg, in falling with his horse in playing Putnam at the Bowery Theatre, Acton Kelly reports that he saw him two years ago in Liverpool, Eng.

THE LATE J. DELMON GRACE.—A note from Alfred Burnett, who began an engagement of one week in Cincinnati on Feb. 8, confirms substantially what, in our issue of Feb. 3, Mr. J. D. Hopkins wrote of the late J. Delmon Grace, except that Mr. Burnett states that James Delmon and James Delmon Grace were half-brothers. Mr. Burnett, when he wrote, had not yet seen Mr. Hopkins' note. He adds that Harry Gossin, J. D. Grace and himself, as boys, "played theatre" in an old stable in Cincinnati, opposite where the Grand Music Hall is soon to be erected; that he and J. D. Grace were "boys together," and that he was in constant communication with him for thirteen years; and that the latter could not, at his death, have been more than fifty-three years old.

A WOMAN STILL.

A young woman, with draggled dress and a flushed face, with her hair loose over her shoulders and a wild look in her eyes, followed a burly officer into the Central Station just as the clock was on the stroke of midnight.

"What is the matter here?" queried the Lieutenant, looking up as the ill-mated couple came trooping in.

"Some old charge," said the officer; "she's been raising Cain around the hay-market."

"You bet your boots I have," said the girl, with a hoarse laugh that showed there was whiskey behind it. "I just give 'em as good as they sent."

They were leading her into the recording-room, when she stopped at the door opening into the Captain's office.

"Whose kid is that?" she asked.

"That? Oh, one that was picked up on the street—lost by somebody."

"Lost, is he? Well, I've found him. Let me alone, will you!"

She pulled away from the officer, and in a moment was on the lounge with the child in her arms, her painted-cheeked pressed close to the tear-stains left on the little fellow's face when he had cried himself to sleep. Her hair hung in a veil before them, and hid the guilty and innocent alike from sight.

"I had one like you once," she murmured, after the hush of a moment, "but he died. That was so long ago that I thought I had forgotten it—there has been so much happening since—so much I wish to God had never happened!"

A moment longer and she looked up—as sober as a mother by the hearthstone.

"May I take him in the cell with me?" she asked, in a low and gentle voice.

They said she might, and the poor forsaken women sat down on the stone bench with the sleeping child held close to her bosom. The tears that fell from her eyes were as balm to her bruised heart, and the little one lifted her soul to purer heights than it had known for many, many weary days in the past.—*Cleveland Leader.*

STAMMERING IN.—A good story is told of Henry Irving, who lately arrived in an English provincial town at the same time with Myers' Circus. An old-school tragedian happened to be "starring" there at the time, and one day was met on the street by an old friend, who asked him how he was doing. "Bad, bad as bad can be," croaked the tragedian—"was a quarter houseu!" The sympathizing friend condoled with him, and finally wound up by saying: "But, then, you must remember Mr. Irving is a very popular actor." "Mr. Irving!" exclaimed the tragic one. "Hang Mr. Irving! I'll star against Mr. Irving anywhere; but I'd like to know who is to star against twelve performing elephants?"

"REMEMBER who you are talking to, sir," said an indignant parent to a fractious boy. "I am your father." "Well, who's to blame for that?" said the young impertinence; "'taint me."

The latter was a gentleman of character and education, and was taken by the hand on his arrival at Charleston by the first citizens of the city. His daughter, who subsequently married Gilfert, was a lady of fine education and of great merit. She had been brought up with care and tenderness by her father, and her marriage with Gilfert greatly displeased him, as he had indulged in higher expectations for her, as she moved in the first circles. Caldwell played in genteel comedy and melodrama, was an actor of great talent, and a man of excellent mind and indomitable energy. Mr. Holman, finding that Caldwell was rapidly making friends, undertook to give him a check—an experiment frequently undertaken by managers at that time when actors got little too far advanced in popularity. He either dismissed him or refused to give him his "benefit." Caldwell's friends were determined to stand by him and see that the manager did him justice. Articles appeared in the public journals, which Holman answered. A large number of Caldwell's friends went to the theatre and interrupted the performances. Holman appeared upon the stage, but, instead of calming the audience by a declaration that he intended to do Mr. Caldwell no injustice, he assumed a magisterial air and undertook to lecture the audience, declared himself to be a free denizen of the city, and not accountable to the audience for his actions. They refused, however, to allow the play to proceed, and commenced breaking the furniture and doing other damage.

After several conferences, Holman agreed that Caldwell should have his benefit and then retire. He had a crowded house, made a fine speech, and left Charleston forever. He proceeded to Petersburg, Va., where he built a theatre by subscription; but finally he returned to New Orleans, where he became the dramatic pioneer of the Southwest. During his career he built theatres in New Orleans, Nashville, Natchez, St. Louis, Mobile, Huntsville, and other cities. Afterwards he became Alderman in New Orleans, and a man of influence and property.

In further reference to Mr. Holman, it should be stated that he brought to this country the very highest character as an educated gentleman of distinguished family, an author of considerable merit, and an actor of great powers. His Lord Townley, to the Lady Townley of his daughter (Mrs. Gilfert), was the perfection of genteel comedy.

James H. Caldwell died in this city on Sept. 11, 1863. He was born in England in 1793, and his American debut was made at the Charleston Theatre, under Holman's management, in November, 1816, as Belcour in "The West Indian," and he made his last appearance upon the stage on Jan. 14, 1843, in New Orleans, as Vapid in "The Dramatist." The trouble at the Charleston Theatre led to a duel on Sullivan Island, Caldwell wounding Holman. Joseph George Holman died at Rockaway, L. I., Aug. 24, 1817, of apoplexy. He was a descendant of Sir John Holman, baronet, and was designed for the Church, but was induced by a pecuniary legacy to make his debut in Hamlet as an amateur, and in 1784, as Romeo, first appeared professionally at Covent-garden. He was a dramatist as well as an actor, and was a manager in Albany, N. Y., as well as in Charleston. He and his daughter Agnes went back to England in 1812, and fulfilled an engagement in London. They soon returned to America. A few hours before his death, being then a widower, he married Miss Lattimer, who in 1819 was married to Isaac S. Clawson, and in 1824 to Charles W. Sanford, a manager in those days, but known to the moderns as a lawyer, and for many years Major-general of the First Division N. G. S. N. Y. He left a lawyer, but his wife died in this city on Sept. 1, 1859. Agnes, daughter of Holman by his first wife (Jane Hamilton, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Frederick Hamilton of England), was married to Charles Gilfert in 1815, and died in Philadelphia in 1833. Poverty closed her eyes, and her husband left her just as she was about to make her début at the Park Theatre, this city, on July 31, as Constance in "King John." Her husband, a German and a splendid musician, was the first manager of the Bowery Theatre, this city. That management ruined him financially and physically, and his early days in this city, on July 30, 1829, was the sequel.—ED. CLIPPER.]

Among the most extraordinary actors of that bygone day was William Twaits, who, after appearing at all the prominent Northern theatres, became manager of some of the Southern houses. He was a most estimable actor, and in the line of Sir Peter Teazle, Sir Anthony Absolute, and Dr. Cantwell, and in Quotem, Lingo, Dr. Pangloss, and characters of that peculiar feature, he had no rival in his lifetime. He was short and thin, with an squiline nose, a face to which he could impart any expression, and a mouth of infinite utility on the stage, and which he twisted into every possible comic shape. He had a large head, with stiff, carrotty hair, and was muscular yet meagre. He imagined, like many actors before and since, that he was a tragedian. He had a droll, asthmatic voice and some powers of ventriloquism, which he tested to such an extent on all occasions that from an asthmatic habit he fell into consumption. He was a man, in his line, of most decided talent. His face and figure were irresistibly comic, and he moved as if he were on wires. When much wasted by disease, he would hop around in Dr. Pangloss like the living skeleton.

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CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.

BY JOHN M. MACDONALD.

INT.—Good evening, Bones. I am very glad to see you looking so well and hearty. I guess this mild weather agrees with your constitution.

BONES.—Oh, draw it *mild*, Mr. Johnsing; I doesn't know *whether* you is jokin' or not.

INT.—Just like you, Bones; always punning. I believe you would almost joke at death.

BONES.—Oh no, sir; I never trifles with sich *grave* subjecs. But seriously, Mr. Johnsing, I should be happy if it wasn't for de blazed cats dat come howlin' aroun' de back-yard ebbery night. Confound dem; I wish ebbery one of dem might git de *cat*-alepsy.

TAM.—Dat's a very un-*feline* remark, Bonesy.

BONES.—But I fixed one of dem de odder night, I ketched him and slung him clean off de house. I tell you dars was *mew*-sic in de air, an' no mistake.

TAM.—You'd oughter be ashamed of yourself for torturin' de poor cat on *pur-puss*.

BONES.—Dat's enough, Tam. I'd oughter *scratch* you after makin' such a dizzy joke as dat.

INT.—You needn't say anything, Bones; you are as bad as Tam *fur spitting* out incomprehensible jokes.

BONES.—Say, Mr. Johnsing, can you tell me why Tam's jokes are like a bad penny?

INT.—No, I can't. What's the answer.

BONES.—Well, de reason is 'cause neither one of dem is with a cent.

TAM.—Dat's one I owe you, Bones. Say, Mr. Johnsing, can you inform me why Bones is like a counterfeit one-dollar William?

INT.—I give it up.

TAM.—De answer is dis: day are both of dem bad cases.

INT.—There, there, gentlemen, you are square now. Please listen while our friend from Louisiana sings about

"HELP ME, MAMMA."

[In the railroad disaster at Ashtabula, O., Dec. 29, among the cries of anguish were those of a mother. "Help my child, O Mamie!" but all in vain, for in the flames the child perished, with its last words: "Help Me, Mamma."]

"Help me, mamma, help your darling,
Please don't leave me here alone;
Take me with you, mamma, darling,
To our dear old happy home;
For papa will there be waiting,
And, mamma, how he will start
When you tell him I have perished—
It will break his poor old heart."
Chorus.—"Help me, mamma, help your darling,
Or I perish in the flame,"
Were the words so sweetly uttered
By our darling little Mame.

"Do not weep for Mamie, mamma—
True, 'tis hard to see me die;
But, remember, if I perish
God will take me to the sky.
That is what you taught me, mamma,
When at home I used to play—
I will pray for you and papa
In that home so far away."
Chorus.—"Help me, mamma," etc.

Canton, O. WILL. H. PIERSON.

ONE OF THE LATE W. B. ENGLISH'S First Ventures in Management.

J. G. Hubbard of Lowell, Mass., sends us two bills—one of a theatre under the management of Mr. English, and the other of the Boston Olympic—where at the same time Mrs. Western, who subsequently became Mrs. English, was performing. The bills do not have the year printed on them; but Mr. Hubbard fixes the period as 1845. W. B. English died in Stratford, Ont., July 15, 1864; W. B. Chapman died in San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 8, 1857;

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, &c., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be *prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Feb. 12.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Madam
Allyne, Kittie (vocalist)
Arnold, Grace
Antonio, May
Bonfanati, Marie
Beaumont, Stella
Berger, Anna Teresa (2)
Bean, Fannie
Buchanan, Virginia
Brandon, "Nell"
Bowers, Mrs. D. P.
Butler, Mrs. Annie
Boshell, Louise
Carr, Mrs. (late of Newark, N. J.)
Coleman, Mrs. D. W.
Conway, Lizzie (of "Tony Pastor Co.)
Claire, Maggie
Clifton, Ida
Christie, Frankie
De Brent, Amy
Desmond, Georgie
Dunand, Carrie
Dovle, Rose
Dandass, Marie M.
De Bonay, Mrs. Angela
Ellis, Lillie (2)
Elberis, Little B.
Erwin, Violet (vocalist)
Ellis, Hattie
Elmore, Annie
Everton, Mrs. M. L.
Fleming, Nellie
Forrest, Katie (vocalist)
Fritz, Mrs. Kittie Sharpe
Fleming, Nellie (of "Roving Jack" Co.)
Fitz, Mrs. Fannie
Frank, Francis, Lu-lu
Greenfield, Ida
Gregory, Mary A.
Gray, Ada
Hall, Lillie
Heffman, Emma
Hall, Mrs. E. (with Harry Lindley)
Howe, Lillie
Isaacs, Ada
Januschek's Co., Manager of Johnson, Mrs. Robt.
Kamola
Kemp, Alice M.
Love, Ella
Lotta," Miss
Lawrence, Nellie
Lipscombe, Sarah
Lavarnie, Lizzie
Lee, Lottie (late of St. Louis)
Lewis, Ella C.
La Verde Sisters
Laverde, Belle
Monroe, Mrs. Grace
Mitchell's Manager, Maggie
Markley, Edna
Mortimer, Jessie (vocalist)
Merrett, Mrs. Martha
Murray, Ada C. (2)
Mell, Rose
May, Alice
McDonald, Nellie
Mitchell, Maggie
McCarthy, Madam
Meyers, Mrs. F. W.
Montague, Anna (Opera "biz")
Newton, Eliza
Robinson, Marian (vocalist)
Robert, Miss M.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST

Austin, Isaac P.
Almonie, James
Austin Bros. (p. o. in Chicago, Eng.)
Atkins, Chas. M.
Aiken, F. E.
Ashton, S. G.
Austin Bros. (rifle-ists)
Ashtons, The
Allerup, F. S.
Arroup, "Pa"
Brooks, "Lew"
Bush, I. T.
Budworth, F. L.
Bernando, Arthur
Blanchett, C. E.
Baldwin, Prof. S. S. (2)
Blake, Harry
Barnes, Lucien
Bishop, Alf. H. (2)
Bachelder & Burgess, "Coel"
Buckley, Jno. (musician)
Belmont, Francis
Bell, P. (ofQueen's Circ.)
Brehm, E.
Barrett, Wm.
Beach, A. W.
Baily, Billy
Beach & Gould
Buckley, Sr., H.
Barrett, Louis P.
Butler, Robt. (pantomimist)
Bedington, C. F.
Belknap, Wm. J.
Brahan, Harry & Lizzie
Bowie, J. B.
Bennett, Harry
Brown, "Gus"
Callender, Chas.
Curry & Fox (2)
Campbell, C. J.
Coleman, Edward (comed.)
Curtis, Frank (comed., etc.)
Collyer, Prof. (magician)
Cox, "Bill" H.
Carr, Jas. (late of Newark, N. J.) (4)
Carton, James
Clapham, H. J.
Calver, C. F. (2)
Drawford, J. W.
Cody, W. F.
Curtis, F. (of Keen & Curtis)
Putnam's Co.
Cowan, W. Gwen
Cavana, "Jerry"
Chapman, F. (of 5th-ave. Co.) (2)
Coyle, E. (of 5th-ave. Co.)
Carrillo, Ramon J.
Clark, —
Cawthorne, Herbert
Crane, E. M.
Casseneve, Mons.
Christy & Fields
Clark, Thos. (late of Ward's Op. Ho.)
Crispini, Hubert
Collins, Arthur 6c.
Conway & Kerrigan
Clifton & Forepaugh
Dodson, Francis V. (3)
Drew, J. (of Drew & Lawton)
Davis, H. (of Howe's Circ.)
Delehanty & Cummings
Dickenson, H. A.
Diamond, "Charlie"
Deakin, R. (of "Lilliputian" Co.)
Daly's 5th-ave. Co.
Masag. or Treas.
De Mar, C. H.
Dearborn, J. W.
Delanie, Chas. (minst. "biz")
Daniel, "Tony"
Davis, W. H.
Douglas, J. H.
Danes, J. A.
Davis, S. J.
Davis, H. L.
Daly, "Billy"
Eldridge, Chas.
Everett, Geo. date of Charlotte, S. C.)
Egbert, Jno. (Dutch "biz")
Emerson, "Billy" (of Haverly's Minst.)
Elbrick, Robt.
Forepaugh, J. A.
French, Ed. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Furbish, Chas. E.
France, Sid. C.
Fotopaugh, "Dan"
Filkins, Robt. (2)
Frost, Hyatt (3)
Florentine, Mons.
Fawcett, Chas.
Foster, R. (late of Olympic Th., N. Y.)
Farquer, Wm. V.
Frink & Rastle, Eng.)
Frawles, Il. O.
Freeman, Ed.
Farley, Jas. W.
Foley, T. (late of Howard Ath. Co.)
Farrell, John
Fulton, C. W.
Fleming, Fernando (2)
French, Edwin
Fallon, Jno. (gymnast)
Fox, J. E. (of Dup. & Reno Bros.)
Fredericks, Prof. P. W.
Farnaugh, Wm. R.
Gardner, Master Chas.
Garner, Mr. (of "Dan Crocker" Co.)
Grace, J. (of Callender's Minst.)
Green, J. (musical sand-bird "biz")
Garrison, W. W.
Gibbons, Zone
Gale, Walter (2)
Girard, W. (of Washburn's Co.)
Griffiths, E. S.
Gray, Ada
Hall, Lillie
Heffman, Emma
Hall, Mrs. E. (with Harry Lindley)
Howe, Lillie
Isaacs, Ada
Januschek's Co., Manager of
Johnson, Mrs. Robt.
Kamola
Kemp, Alice M.
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Lotta," Miss
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Diamond, "Charlie"
Deakin, R. (of "Lilliputian" Co.)
Daly's 5th-ave. Co.
Masag. or Treas.
De Mar, C. H.
Dearborn, J. W.
Delanie, Chas. (minst. "biz")
Daniel, "Tony"
Davis, W. H.
Douglas, J. H.
Danes, J. A.
Davis, S. J.
Davis, H. L.
Daly, "Billy"
Eldridge, Chas.
Everett, Geo. date of Charlotte, S. C.)
Egbert, Jno. (Dutch "biz")
Emerson, "Billy" (of Haverly's Minst.)
Elbrick, Robt.
Forepaugh, J. A.
French, Ed. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Furbish, Chas. E.
France, Sid. C.
Fotopaugh, "Dan"
Filkins, Robt. (2)
Frost, Hyatt (3)
Florentine, Mons.
Fawcett, Chas.
Foster, R. (late of Olympic Th., N. Y.)
Farquer, Wm. V.
Frink & Rastle, Eng.)
Frawles, Il. O.
Freeman, Ed.
Farley, Jas. W.
Foley, T. (late of Howard Ath. Co.)
Farrell, John
Fulton, C. W.
Fleming, Fernando (2)
French, Edwin
Fallon, Jno. (gymnast)
Fox, J. E. (of Dup. & Reno Bros.)
Fredericks, Prof. P. W.
Farnaugh, Wm. R.
Gardner, Master Chas.
Garner, Mr. (of "Dan Crocker" Co.)
Grace, J. (of Callender's Minst.)
Green, J. (musical sand-bird "biz")
Garrison, W. W.
Gibbons, Zone
Gale, Walter (2)
Girard, W. (of Washburn's Co.)
Griffiths, E. S.
Gray, Ada (Irish "biz")
Geroswood, "Sir"
Galliger, James
Glammona, Antonio
Gardner, F. A.
Hamilton, "Wiley"
Hernandez, Arthur
Hooper, Geo. W.
Hall, J. Clinton (2)
Heywood, (of "biz")
Heywood Bros. (3)
Harrington, J. (of Harr. & McGloin)
Hutchings, Saml. M.
Heywood, James
Hutchinson, Jas. L. (3)
Hennessy, Ed.
Henery, Wm.
Homer, (of Homer & Holly)
Hogan, Wm.
Hart, J. G.
Howe, Mr. (care "Sam" Hull)
Hand, H. O.
Harris, Jr., (of George Minst.)
Himmel, Chas.
Haines, H. J.
Haines, Mr. 6c.
Hall, A. (of Washburne's Co.)
Howard, Lawrence
Hawkins, Mr. (of Wagner's Minst.)
Hall, F. (of Dillon's Comb.)
Harrington, Prof.
Hunter, G. W.
Hubner, F. C.
Henderson, R.
Ince, John E.
Ingolfo
Jordan, Geo. C.
Jones, "Col." (of Haverly's Minst.) (2)
Jones, T. W.
Johnson, Mr. (of Johnny Bruno)
Jennings, Jas. O.
Junkel, George
Kirk & Drew
Kidder, Wm.
Kiarud, Oscar
Kline, Louis
Kenslin, Chas. H.
Kyle, John (of Harlem, N. Y.)
Kelley, Jno. T.
Kimball, Wm. H.
Klein, August
Keller, J. A.
Levison, C. (of Rentz's Mus.)
Levantine, Fred.
Lee, Burton, Clarence
Long, T. B.
Lodge, James J.
Leak, Wm. H. (actor)
Lyons, H. P. Agent&c.
Lawson, Mr. (Opera "biz")
Lewis, "Dan"
Lamont, "biz")
Lyons, Geo. W.
Little, Chas. (2)
Lawrence, John
Lavarnie, Everett
Lord, "Charlie"
Lennon, C. H.
Lee, Sam (Bne. Minst.)
Turner, John
Tierney & Cronin
Thorne, C. R.
Tribble, H. (candy "biz")
Tucker, J. A.
Taylor, J. R. (2)
Tudor, J.
Taylor, J. F.
Thompson, Wm. W.
Tupson, Jno. B.
Tripler, Wm. C.
Trusler, Fred.
Thompson, "Sid"
Thompson, "Jeff"
Thompson, Chas. S.
Tinkham, S. A. (2)
Templeton, John
Ufner, Frank
Udell, Chas.
Vernon, Harry
Villepigue, James
Welch, Ryan, Harris & Mathews
Westendorff "Bob" (2)
Wood, Emmet & Nellie
Williams, Claude
Wildman, F. J.
Worden, R. (of Worden & Mack)
Ward, W. (of Dup. & Ben. Minst.)
Warwick, J. Locke
Watson & Ellis
Wagner "Cal"
Washburn, E. S.
Webster, J. H.
Whipp, J. A.
Williams, Jesse
Withers, promoter
Wells, Chas. B.
Wallace, J. J.
Wood, Harry
Withers, J. (leader) (2)
Whittle, Jno. (vocalist)
Wiggins, E. W.
Watson, H. (of Pastor's Co.)
Welling, Albert
Wood, W. (of Wood, Emmet & Hughes)
Wilson, Ed.
Wallace, Robt. (aeronaut)
Wallace, J. (of Sol Smith Russell's Co.)
Wayne, Burt
Wild, "Billy" (late of Olympic Th., N. Y.)
Wilson, R. (late of Wood's Mus., N. Y.)
Williams, "Tom"
Wolhaupt, John
White, W. A.
Wingfield, John
Wilson, G. B.
West, W. H. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Walker Van Fleet
Wood, George
Young, Chas. W.
Yuikel, Peter
Richmond Sisters (2)
Robson, Erba (2)
Rosenberry, Mrs. Bertie
Rosa, Lydia
Rainford, Alice
Schott, "Angie"
Stone, Amy
Sharp, "Dollie"
Seymour, Annie J.
St. John, Nellie
Stanley, Flora
Scott-Marble, Scott
Saroney, Nellie
Stetson, Evelyn
Sebastian, Mrs. R. (2)
Soper, Cora
St. Felix Sisters
Sayer, Mrs. Josephine (2)
Stanley, Maude (vocalist)
Stella, Rose (of Soldene's Co.)
Somers, Mollie
St. Maur, Lu-lu
Turner, Kittie
Van Zandt, Inez
Vandeluer, Ada
Valdo, Mrs. Louise
Verlander, Jennette
Victoria, Mlle.
Vane, Clara
Wilson, Mollie 5c.
Walters, Alice
Wurm, Marie
Walch, Mrs. Lizzie
Ward, Mrs. Henry
Warner, Florence
Whitland, Kittie 6c.
Young, Millie
Zinges, Zuella
Zoerner, Anna (2)
10c.
Richmond Sisters (2)
Robson, Erba (2)
Rosenberry, Mrs. Bertie
Rosa, Lydia
Rainford, Alice
Schott, "Angie"
Stone, Amy
Sharp, "Dollie"
Seymour, Annie J.
St. John, Nellie
Stanley, Flora
Scott-Marble, Scott
Saroney, Nellie
Stetson, Evelyn
Sebastian, Mrs. R. (2)
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Walch, Mrs. Lizzie
Ward, Mrs. Henry
Warner, Florence
Whitland, Kittie 6c.
Young, Millie
Zinges, Zuella
Zoerner, Anna (2)
10c.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Feb. 12, '77.

For two weeks we have been favored with unusually fine weather for this time of the year—bright skies, revivifying sunshine, and an invigorating atmosphere being the rule; and of course the thoroughfares of the metropolis have been thronged with the elite and fashion and misery of a great city. With the change from piercing cold, snow-bound streets and gloomy skies, it is not surprising that business should exhibit a slight improvement, which it has since the "atmospheric conditions" have been so favorable. The theatres continue to profit by the better order of things, in two or three houses standing room being all the accommodation that could be extended to late comers. The week has been prolific of novelties and unexpected events—the most note-worthy, perhaps, being the presentation of the new play of "Fifth-avenue" at Booth's Theatre, in which the variety element comes to the top, to the discomfiture and annoyance of the legitimate strength of the company; the murder scene seemed to give great satisfaction, and this shows that blood will tell. Without these attractions "Fifth-avenue" would not amount to much. "The Danicheffs" was the event of the week at the Union-square, and though the press credits it with being an effective piece, its gloomy character, it is added, is not calculated to make it a popular success. That is what killed Lester Wallack's "All for Her," and necessitated the revival of "old comedies." Had Mr. Wallack infused a little of the variety element into the new play, "All for Her" might have served its purpose, and obviated the necessity of a hasty climbing of the golden stair. So, too, a few of our variety performers, with their specialties, distributed through the several acts of "The Danicheffs," might a greatly increase the interest of that production by relieving it of its sombreness. Such out-and-outers as Gus Williams, Harry Kernell, Harrigan and Hart, Kitty O'Neil, Sam Devere, and others, would make "The Danicheffs" real lively, and ensure its favorable consideration at the hands of our theatre-going public. Manager Daly is everywhere—at the Fifth-avenue, at the Grand Opera-house, at the Olympic, at the Bowery, and, spasmodically, at the German Theatre, his players may be seen—the wonder is that he has not put a detachment of his forces in the Academy of Music, where the Kellogg English Opera-troupe has just closed a three-weeks' season; it might have been better had the performances terminated with the second week, for the third was somewhat of a bank, the indisposition of Clara suggesting managerial calculations, and cutting down the profits owing to a "limited attendance." And this reference to Clara Louise reminds us that still another American prima donna has come to the fore in the form of Miss Emma Abbott, who made her debut in concert on Wednesday evening, Feb. 7, when her success was decided; but will not the lady sing herself out if she continues to give nine numbers in one evening, as she did last week? Her friends were scarcely friends in deed when they exacted so much from the debutante....This is Valentine week. Already have the usual tender missives begun to pour in upon us, and crowd us to the wall. Judging by the specimens before us, we cannot say that the *quality* of our valentines has improved; on the contrary, it seems to us that our artists and poets have taken the back track. Here is an exception, however. The lines were beautifully engrossed on blue paper, with a red dove holding them by a true-lover's knot in its little beak. It came

FROM THE WEST.

"If fate had not laid an embargo—
But provoking for me, as you will agree,
There isn't but one in Chicago."

[Having reference to Valentine Love at the Adelphi, probably.—ED. CLIP.] As we have remarked, this is an exceptional specimen. Many which have come to hand this morning imply that we have broken many a confiding heart, that we have ruined the fair names and prospects of divers gushing creatures, and blighted the hopes of others who would have died for us. We are sorry for the grief-stricken ones, but glad in extenuation that where a person's path is strewn with roses, as our's has been, some of the tender plants are liable to be crushed by the wayside. We append these lines, as showing how deep is the hate of one who, in her sincere love, would have enshrined us in her heart of hearts:

AT LAST.

Do'nt thou remember the gate where we stood
When the moon shed its lustre around?
When you promised to love me forever and aye,
Which you swore as you fondly caress'd?
I loved you as woman had ne'er loved before—
As you tenderly kissed my pale brow—
But that love has turned to bitterest scorn,
And with joy I could see thee dead, now.
Beware, oh beware, thou falsehearted one,
For revenge shall yet be mine;
In thy moments of peace I'll be with thee again—
Thou deceitful, depraved Valentine.

There is some mistake here, for we have no recollection of any such occurrence as she refers to. It is quite probable that many of these declarations of virtuous indignation should have been sent to "Our Jim," instead of to us, as he makes a practice of deceiving young and trustful hearts.....A New York Fusilier desires that we give answer to the following question: "If it is possible to go 'Round the World in 'Eighty Days,' why should 'The Happy Moke' at 'Our Boarding-house' on 'Fifth avenue,' when sent for 'Lemons,' be detained so long?" Even if it *was* 'All for Her,' our landlady had no right to 'Caste' reflections upon 'Monsieur Alphonse,' who sent him first.....This question being sprung upon us at a time when our heart was lacerated by the insane ravings of rejected fair ones, we cannot give the subject the attention which it deserves; and as "Our Boys" are just sowing their "Wild Oats" with "Our Irish Cousin" and "The Two Orphans," we have concluded to submit the problem to a mixed commission of fifteen "Jubilee Singers," with power to go behind the scenes.....Several of the papers have stated that, among the latest additions to the Aquarium is a *Harp Seal!* This is probably a mistake—what is meant is evidently a *carp's heel!* Mistakes *will* occur, no matter how careful the papers may be to guard against them.....Well, we have had a good long stretch of skating, and we are happy. Did we ever tell you that the freshest disciple of *Moe's art* is the roller skater? Well, it is so—thus, music and skating go hand in hand together, or foot to foot, we forget which.....No, James, Shakspeare does not speak of *Elsie Moore*, who is is with Daly, but in *another!* And here we should like to inquire whether the Bowery Theatre reminds you of Spring cleaning because of a *May newness* there? [Confidentially *May Nunes* is the active point.—ED.].....This is just elegant—to the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, that, in only two hundred dollars, as the proceeds of her second concert, has been contributed by Miss Arabella Root. Which goes to show that Arabella is *not* the "Root of all evil," but rather of good.....And this calls to mind another good society, the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, who gave their annual ball on Thursday night of last week, at Irving Hall. As usual, it was a great success, and afforded more real enjoyment to those who participated therein than did the lackwarants to its patrons, at the Academy, the same night. The Elks are truly benevolent, and their many acts of charity and brotherly love show that they are bound together by a common tie.....And here we should like to state that the difference between a musician and manager is, that one *plays for balls*, and the other *bawls for plays!* .....Fanny Davenport is playing his Riggs again! [This is a happy allusion to the jovial P. G. Riggs, who is to show up with "The Working Girls of New York."—ED.].....And with your kind permission, dear friends, we beg to assert that there's nothing peculiar in the *entrance* of the "heavy villain," but in the way he *goes on* that makes him unpopular!.....There is something so touchingly tender and beautiful in an act recently performed in the wild region of the Black Hills, that we here place it upon record. On the 20th of January, at Deadwood, the wife of Tom Miller presented him with a son. So pleased and gratified were Tom's fellow performers with this little incident, that they gave him a benefit at the theatre the same night. And now, we presume, the rush to the Black Hills will be greater than ever.....Commemorative of the present Winter, the manager of the New Broadway Theatre is getting up a spectacle called "Sun and Ice," for which two hundred girls ranging from nine to thirteen are advertised for. These will do for the sunny part of the show; now we suggest that dreadful mothers-in-law be engaged to represent the icy element. What do you say, fellow-surfeiters?.....William Florence and his wife are on the homestretch, having fulfilled their mission in California. Bear with us while we kindly compose a few choice lines to ye—

THE PACIFIC SLOPERS.

"Judge Stiletto" and "Mrs. General G."
Per Frisco had a "H. G. T."
And took with their delighted scholars
Full twenty thousand "Mighty Dollars."

.....That must be a nice play they have just brought out in Paris, wherein a diver is murdered at the bottom of the ocean! Why can't we get up something like that? We presume that the night assassins had to *cast a diver* overboard before they could accomplish their hellish purpose. They've got a clever murder scene in "Fifth avenue," but that's on land.....Isn't what a sensation might be created by chopping a man up in real water!.....Our circus friends are a practical kind of people, and never let slip an opportunity to show their agility. One day last week, when the sun was shining in most all of its effulgence, and the sparrows were chirping their welcome lays, we found ourself following the gentle footsteps of a meandering member of the sawdust arena. We were always following somebody or other. Why? We don't know. We have a sort of mania for dogging professional people. We oftentimes get into trouble by it. Well, on this day that we are speaking of, we were waltzing after this benign son of the desert, when, on passing a clothing store, we espied our circus friend make a sudden start, and in a moment he was sailing through the air like a thing of life. Puzzled to account for this freak of the showman, we paused to cogitate; and right before us, in front of the clothing store, we beheld the cause—a pair of *overcoats.*" That was sufficient for our keeper. Hence, etc.....A painful story is going the rounds, but before giving credit to it we shall await the latest returns. The recital goes on to state how a wood-swallower, a fat woman, a Circassian girl, a Fiji cannibal, and a Siamese twins, became involved in a controversy about the receipts of the show; and before they could be restrained, the sword-swallower had swallowed the cannibal, who, previously, had chawed up the Siamese twins and fat woman, who had got away with the Circassian girl. We have tried our best to trace the story to some authentic source, but so far without avail. If the recital should turn out to be true, what a blow it will be to the cause of science.....This sorrowful little incident revives many pleasant recollections, and brings to our mind's eye once more twins of other days, who, in life, stuck by each other, and in death were not divided. Poetry about 'em:

THE DEAR DEPARTED.

Poor Chang and Eng, while yet alive,
Were by no class rejected;
But moved in good society,
For they were *well-connected.*

CITY SUMMARY.

CORRECTION.—It was Charles Rockwell, and not Rockwood, who acted Jack Lymer, M. D., in "The Big Bonanza" at the Olympic Theatre, commencing Jan 30.

"THE TWO ORPHANS" was produced at the Third-avenue Theatre, Feb. 5, and was acted during the week. The cast included the Misses Katie Gilbert, Marie Le Brun, Fanny Lewis, Kate Estelle, Dot Osborn, Agnes Marsh, May Wynkoop, Nellie Sauisbury, Susie Ellis and Maggie Walters; Messrs. H. J. Buckley, H. Holmes, W. A. Gregston, R. W. Jordan, G. H. Waite, J. E. Lewis, W. J. Shea, F. J. Post and D. M. Murray.

W. HENRY RICE was in town Feb. 10, en route to Boston, Mass.

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" was performed in German at the Stadt Theatre Feb. 9, 10.

"LEMONS" attracted a large attendance at the Fifth-avenue Theatre the past week. All of the ladies and gentlemen in the cast are now thoroughly at ease in their respective roles, and the entire performance is highly amusing.

W. W. FOWLER of the Berger Family and Sol Smith Russell Concert Troupe was in town the past week, en route to the New England States.

AN IMPROVEMENT is the attendance was noticeable at the Olympic Theatre last week, when "The Big Bonanza" was acted for the last times there.

NIBLO'S GARDEN was crowded every night the past week, the manifold attractions of "Around the World in Eighty Days" being the magnet. "A Voyage to the Moon" is to be the next attraction.

BESSIE SUDLOW'S MOTHER SEEKS A DIVORCE.—Mrs. Eliza Sudlow commenced proceedings in the Supreme Court, the past week, for a limited divorce from her husband, Thomas R. Sudlow. Mr. Sudlow is an English lady, and, shortly after coming to this country, she married her present husband in 1855. At the time of that marriage she had one daughter, Bessie, by another husband. The result of her last marriage has been four children, ranging from twenty-one to ten years of age. One of these—Fanny—is now acting in New Orleans, La., under the name of Fanny Lee. In her complaint Mrs. Sudlow charges her husband with various acts of cruelty and violence towards herself and her children, specifying particular acts and giving dates; also that by his conduct he insulted and drove away her boarders, and had almost broken up her business. The husband in his answer admits his marriage to the plaintiff, but alleges that she had another lawful husband living at that time. He denies all the allegations of cruelty, and charges her with assaulting him at various times during the past ten years. The daughter Fanny makes an affidavit which tends to substantiate the charges of her mother. Arguments in the case will be shortly made.

FORGERY OF A PROFESSIONAL'S NAME.—Lewis Spencer, who says he is the husband of the lady professional known as Lulu Delmay, serio-comic vocalist, called at THE CLIPPER office the past week, and stated that the letter which appeared in an evening journal purporting to have been written by him this city Feb. 7, by Lulu Delmay, is a forgery. Miss Delmay was at that time in California, as she was to have commenced an engagement in Moore's Opera-house, Sacramento, Feb. 5. The purport of the letter is that Lulu Van Pelt, the dwarf, who died in this city Feb. 3, had never married to William Sheppard, as he was her (Miss Delmay's) lawful and undivorced husband; that he deserted her two years ago in a helpless condition for this curiosity. The letter was signed Lulu Delmay (Mrs. Wm. Sheppard), serio-comic vocalist.

FRANK BELL, stump orator, arrived in town during the past week.

"FIFTH AVENUE," a local play in five acts by George Pawcett Rowe, was produced for the first time on any stage at Booth's Theatre Feb. 5, with the following cast of characters:

Richard Blake, an American.....George Rignold
Simon Schuyler, President of the Hudson Iron Co. (his first appearance in this city here).....James H. Taylor
Hon. Graham Liddisdale, an Englishman, betrothed to Olivia.....Frederic B. Warde
Col. Mark Anthony Smart.....Wininer Bowers
Exodus Gerome, a Wall-street broker (from the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, his first appearance in New York).....Atkins Lawrence
Richard Biggs, Sap's of the Hudson Iron Works.....E. K. Collier
Jem Maggs, a convict.....Henry A. Weaver
Horatio Nelson, colo. ed servant of the Schuylers.....John Wild
Hiram Shortsey, "Boss of the Billposters".....Chas. T. Parsloe
Jacob Schmitz, his assistant.....George S. Knight
Colonel Cushing.....Charles Koine
Larry Doolahan of Ballywhack.....J. A. Meade
Sergeant Mulligan of the Recruiting Service.....Charles W. Butler
Mr. Jutkins.....James Fox | Mr. Porter...Andrew Barrett
Olivia, only daughter of Simon Schuyler.....Miss Maude Granger
Mrs. Smythe.....Miss Kate Singleton
Cleopatra, her daughter.....Miss Annie Deland
Aunty, an old negress, mother to Horatio Nelson.....Miss Ida Gerard
Marie Antoinette.....Miss Katie Singleton

It was mounted with freshly-painted scenery from the pencils of Charles S. Getz of the Boston (Mass.) Theatre. George Meister and John Thompson. The most praiseworthy scenes were those representing the sinking of an ocean-steamer, with the rescue of some of the passengers by the boat-crews of another steamer, painted by Mr. Getz; a view of Wall street, in this city, in 1865, by Mr. Thompson; the Hudson from Yonkers, on the Hudson river; a view of a portion of Fifth avenue; and the interior of a mansion on that avenue, all the work of Mr. Meister. The play is somewhat faulty in construction, and the dialogue is rambling, and so prolific that it could possibly be curtailed of one-third of its present proportions to advantage. Minor incidents in the earlier portion of the piece are treated so elaborately in detail that when the climax is reached matters of great importance are handled cursorily. Since the first performance frequent elisions have been made in the dialogue, which have improved it somewhat; but what it really needs is that the entire piece should be rewritten. The ladies who acted the chief characters had ample opportunity to display a number of rich toilets, of which they availed themselves to the fullest extent. The piece may be described as follows:

The action begins in the saloon of the steamship Marseilles, off the Banks o' Newfoundland, on her voyage from Liverpool to New York, in September, 1862, and some of the passengers are seen playing cards, sailing, &c. We are here introduced to Olivia Schuyler, the heroine; her father, Simon; Richard Blake and the Hon. Graham Liddisdale. The two last-named, in the course of conversation, display their respective national prejudices with some what questionable taste. Olivia Schuyler is betrothed to Graham Liddisdale, and Richard Blake upon meeting her is strongly smitten with her. After considerable desultory conversation, during which the ear-piercing tones of a fog-horn are frequently heard, the steamship collides with another, and the passengers are seen flying to the decks for safety. Olivia faints and falls to the floor, where she is brought in a swoon by Blake, and carried to the deck above. The steamship sinks into the ocean, and in the vicinity—a dense fog (produced by steam)—are seen the lifeboats and the boats manned by sailors, who are engaged in rescuing a number of the passengers as the falling curtain marks the termination of the act. The second act opens in Wall street, in this city, in January, 1863, during our Civil War. A variety of characters are introduced, but of those having a direct connection with the plot we need only refer to Simon Schuyler and Richard Blake, who meet for the first time since their separation in Liverpool, and Richard Biggs, the superintendent of the Hudson Iron Works, to whom, it appears, the bulk of Schuyler's fortune is invested, and which company is now on the verge of bankruptcy. After a scene of commonplace conversation between Schuyler's house we are shown the directors' room at the time a meeting of shareholders, who investigate the affairs of the company. Richard Blake, superintendent, is deposed, and Richard Blake is installed in his place. An opportunity is signified to make several "spread-eagle" speeches, and, in the company having been offered a contract to build four monitors for the United States Government, the stockholders agree to advance sufficient money to place the company on a substantial financial footing. The third act opens in the U. S. Recruiting Quarters, in the Bowery, and the scene proves the most highly-finished and effective picture of the play, owing to George S. Knight's capital acting, who will be referred to hereafter. The next scene shows us the launch of a monitor—a gala occasion, during which we are shown Olivia and Liddisdale, the former, after much importuning, names the day for their nuptials; and no sooner has she done so than Richard Blake meets Olivia and declares his love for her. Olivia now finds that, although she is the betrothed of another, she in reality loves Blake; this overwhelming fact her word is pledged, she decides that they must not meet again. The act terminates with the launch of a monitor (which, however, is not seen in detail) by the building of the Hudson Iron Company), and many complimentary remarks by Blake to a large number of assembled workmen. In the fourth act we find Simon Schuyler sitting in his business-office, in his residence on Fifth avenue, perusing a contract offered by the Government to furnish certain iron for defenses. Going to a telegraph instrument at the left of the department, he sends a message to Blake, the superintendent of the iron works, in answer to which he receives a letter from Blake, in which he tenders his resignation, giving as a reason that he wishes to sever his connection with a business in which Mr. Schuyler will not listen to his resignation, and then Blake tells him of his love for Olivia. Schuyler becomes furious with rage, and, going to a safe in the apartment, produces Blake's father's contract with the iron which has yet two years to run, and tells him if he breaks it he will sue him for his percentages, a large amount already due, and that suit will be commenced against him. While Schuyler is in the act of replacing the papers in the safe, and while his back is towards Blake, the latter takes the papers from the drawer, hastily tears them in two, and Richard Blogg, the ex-superintendent (who has been previously seen enter the house), come in through folding-doors at the back of the room, and before Schuyler can turn round they assault him with weapons and beat him into a state of insensibility. After robbing the safe they carry off Mr. Schuyler shortly revives and crawls to the telegraphic instrument and sends the following words: "Help! murder! I have been assassinated by Richard Blake!" He falls him ere he can complete the name of Blake, whom he believes to be his murderer, and he falls unconscious. His daughter, who has just returned from an evening entertainment, enters and discovers her father's lifeless body, and a number of persons enter, among whom are Blake and Biggs. The latter man, momentarily recovering consciousness, points his accusing finger at Blake indicating, apparently, that he is the assassin, and the police arrest him. This is the act closes. The last act takes place in another room in the same house, evidently after a considerable lapse of time. Here a somewhat pleasant phase of American society is presented. Miss Cleopatra Smythe makes desperate love to Horatio Nelson, and, finding that her suit does not meet with favor in his eyes, she seeks revenge by telling him that his betrothed—Olivia Schuyler—does not love him, but that she does love Richard Blake. Liddisdale and Olivia shortly after enter, and a brief explanation he releases her from her engagement, in consequence of which that the drafted rioters are coming up the avenue, and they make a negro woman and her son in front of this house. Liddisdale hastens to their rescue, and manages to bring them into the house. The mob, frantic with rage, invade the apartment, and speedily thereafter a detachment of troops, led by Richard Blake, enter and capture the rioters. In discovering the identity of the rioters are Jem Maggs and Richard Blogg, and they are identified by Larry Doolahan, the Irish waiter of the steamship Marseilles, who has enlisted in the army in the third act, and while in the U. S. Recruiting Quarters he overheard Maggs and Blogg plan the robbery and murder of Schuyler. In time he wrote a message on the back of a paper-collar, detailing the conspiracy crime and entrusted it to a colored vender of apples to deliver to Marie, Olivia's French dressing-maid. By a series of misadventures the old negress delivers the message, and she now appears in person to make the identification. There is a hurried explanation between Olivia and Richard Blake, and, as he folds her to his heart as his affianced wife, the curtain falls upon the end of the piece.

George Rignold acted Richard Blake in quite an effective manner. He was frank and manly, and his manner was in good contrast to that of the villain Hartigan and Hart performed the leading characters. The other features were songs by Alice Bennett, including a new one entitled "The Fire in the Grate;" Harrigan and Hart in their characters of "S. O. T.;" and "Sophia's Supper" acted by J. A. Graver, John Meal

MUSICAL.

A PANIC PREVENTED.—Miss Jennie Dailey, while singing at an entertainment given by the Young People's Association in Williamsburg, L. I., Feb. 7, let fall a sheet of music, which took fire from the footlights. The house was crowded, and a panic was started; but Miss Dailey, with great presence of mind, grasped the burning paper in her white-gloved hand, and smothered the flames in her grasp, and, quiet having been restored, she proceeded with her solo.

M. OLSEN, clarionet and alto in brass player, advertises for an engagement.

A PERFORMER on slide-trombone, clarionet, and second violin desires an engagement. See C. Maul's card.

L. H. CLARK of Franklin, Ind., is warmly praised by an occasional correspondent, who heard him sing in both a falsetto and a tenor voice.

A B FLAT CORNET PLAYER advertises for an engagement.

ED. REVEL, slide-trombone and baritone player, can be engaged. Address as per advertisement.

PAYSON'S ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY, who performed in Knoxville, Tenn., Feb. 6, 7, and Atlanta, Ga., 9, 10, are billed in Macon 12, 13, and go thence to Savannah and Jacksonville, Fla.

COX'S ALBUM OF JIGS, reels, clogs, etc., arranged for the violin, can be obtained of the publisher, L. P. Goulland, who advertises.

A LIST of the latest popular music issued by L. P. Goullaud is given in his card elsewhere.

J. H. ESTEY'S BELLRINGERS consist of Miss Emma Wells, Miss Jennie Ray, Miss Arzena Raymond, John H. Oakes, Prof. Harry Shirley, Bert Oakes, Geo. Meredith, P. G. Stone, and Chas. Reese, with John Harpstrib as business-agent. They performed in Arcola, Ill., Feb. 5, Casmargo 6, Newman 7, Christmar 8, Montezuma, Ind., 9, Newport 10, and are billed in Eugene 12, 13, Perrysville 14, Shirley 15, Covington 17, Rossville, Ill., 19, Hoopston 20, Milford 21, Watseka 22, Sheldon 23.

THE ENGAGEMENT of Miss Soldene's Comic-opera Company at Bidwell's Academy of Music, New Orleans, La., says our correspondent, "has, up to this writing (Feb. 6), proved profitable. The piece so far given have been 'Larchidue,' 'Mme. Angot,' 'Brabant,' 'Chilperic,' 'Grand Duchess,' and 'Trial by Jury,' the latter having been frequently repeated as the opening piece of the evening's entertainment. The capacity of the Academy has been severely tested at each performance. 'Paulet and Poulette' is announced to be given for the first time in America Feb. 8, the occasion being a benefit to Miss Soldene. The farewell performance of the company is announced for 10, and 11 Frank Mayo's 'Davy Crockett' Combination is to appear."

"DREAM OF LOVE WALTZ," a song and waltz, is among Harding's latest publications.

THE DIME BANJO-MUSIC COMPANY advertise a simple and cheap method for learning the banjo.

BLIND TOM is billed to appear in Montreal Feb. 16, 17, 19.

THE BERGER FAMILY and Sol Smith Russell's Troupe perform at Richmond, Ind., 12, Fort Wayne 13, Bridgeport, Ct., 15, New Haven 16, 17, and Hartford 19, 20. Miss Louise Franklin, soprano vocalist, and Wm. Wormington joined this party at Chicago, Ill., last week. A first-class violinist, who can play baritone horn, is wanted.

MISS EMMA ANSORT, assisted by Signor Brignoli, Signor Ferranti, Messrs. W. R. Case, Emil Siefert, and Charles E. Pratt, under the management of Mr. De Vivo, is to appear in concert at Lincoln Hall, Washington, D. C., Feb. 13.

THE STRALEY BROTHERS have arranged with Max Strakosch for an operatic season at their Alhambra Palace, Philadelphia, Pa., to commence on or about Feb. 19, when "Faust" will be given in its entirety for the first time in this country, with a large ballet and with spectacular effects.

THE BENGE FAMILY, assisted by Sol Smith Russell, drew a good house at the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., last week. The musical performances of the lady members of the organization, the ballads of Miss Louise Franklin, the bell-ringing features, and the comicalities of Mr. Russell combined to make an entertainment of a light and pleasing nature. They conclude with the week.

THE OPERA of "Maritana" was rendered in fair style, by amateurs under direction of Sig. A. Janota, at Robinson's Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., Feb. 7. The house was crowded.....A Mrs. W. F. Boyd gave a musical matinee at the Grand Opera-house 9.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY of Philadelphia gave the inaugural concert of their twenty-second season at the Academy of Music, in that city, on Feb. 6, in the presence of a very large audience. Neukomm's oratorio of "David" was rendered by a chorus of three hundred voices, accompanied by an orchestra of forty performers under the direction of Carl Centz, and assisted by Miss Cynthia Bare, George Simpson and Max Heinrich. Miss Cynthia Bare, a promising young soprano, made her debut in concert, and acquitted herself very creditably as the Daughter of Saul.

"THE FAIRY ROSE," a German operetta by F. Wink of Philadelphia, was given for the first time, at Concordia Hall, in that city, on the evening of the 21 inst., and repeated again on the 8th inst. Mme. Minnie Mehlig, Messrs. Mehlig, Heinrich and Paul Kirchner were entrusted with the principal parts.

MARK HASSLER'S ORCHESTRA purpose giving a series of matinee-concerts at St. George's Hall, Philadelphia.

MISS MAMIE A. WAMBOLD, the young vocalist, has been engaged as leading soprano soloist of the First Baptist Church in Newark, N. J.

MISS EMMA ABBOTT, Brignoli, Ferranti and others will appear in concert at Association Hall, Philadelphia, on the evening of the 16th, and at a matinee on the 17th of Feb.

MISS MCCARTNEY, Miss Sybella Mayer, Carl Gaertner, Charles H. Jarvis and Wm. A. Briscoe will appear at a concert at Association Hall, Philadelphia, on the 13th inst.

MME. GAZZANIGA, Miss Isabella McCullough and Signor Brignoli will appear shortly at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, in "Il Trovatore."

ILMA DI MURSKA arrived from Sydney, N. S. W., in San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 11, in the steamship City of Sydney.

CHARLES E. DOBSON, manufacturer of banjos and inventor of the simple method for the banjo, has 2,000 tunes now ready which he will send on receipt of price. See advertisement.

THE ALICE OATES ENGLISH COMIC-OPERA TROUPE did an excellent business at the Euclid-avenue Opera-house, Cleveland, O., the past week, playing to crowded houses. The operas presented were "Madame Angot," Feb. 5; "Giroflé-Girofla," 6; "Princess of Trebisonde, 7; "Grand Duchess," 8; "La Jolie Parfumeuse," 9; "Trial by Jury" and "Les Bavards," 10.

SOLDENE and her operatic troupe return for one week to the Memphis (Tenn.) Theatre Feb. 12. On the night of the 13th, Mardi-Gras, the Mysterious Memphi gives a grand ball at the theatre. Soldene on that evening will appear at the Greenlaw Opera-house in an opera, to be followed by a grand mask ball.

ESSIPOFF drew a good audience in Detroit, Mich., Feb. 5.....Mendelssohn Quintet is booked for 15.

THE APOLLO CLUB is to give concerts Feb. 13, 15, in Chicago, Ill.

AT THE ROYAL OPERA-HOUSE, Toronto, the Nashville Jubilee Singers concerized Feb. 9, 10, to small usiness.

STRAKOSCH SUED.—In Chicago, Ill., Feb. 9, in the Superior Court, Malcolm McNeill, John B. Crudup, and Malcolm Caruthers, executors of Malcolm McNeill, entered suit against Maurice Strakosch to recover $30,000 damages. No bill of complaint was filed with the suit, which is understood to have grown out of a real-estate transaction, in which it is alleged that some time ago Strakosch sold the deceased real estate for $10,000, the title to which was defective.

CHARLES HOLT, a well-known citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y., where he was prominent in musical circles, died Feb. 9, aged 72. Mr. Holt held the position of president of the Choral Union during several seasons, and was most active in advancing musical enterprises, especially choral organizations. His face was a familiar one to concert-room habitues in Brooklyn, and even at the age of seventy his tenor voice was heard acceptably in chorus.

J. H. WHEELER, who has recently returned to this city after several years' absence, is ready to receive pupils on the banjo and violin. He publishes his address elsewhere.

RICHTNOR OPERA TROUPE open in Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 19, for one week. In regard to the Bernard-Navoni trouble, reported in a previous issue, a correspondent from the Bernard side states that the facts were considerably exaggerated in reference to Mr. Bernard's "jumping" the city. The case was called in the court at 10 A. M. Feb. 8, postponed until 2, and then the plaintiff, who it is said was under contract by an application of the vagrancy law, being non est, the case was dismissed by default, making it unnecessary for Mr. Bernard, if he so desired, to leave the town. The draft, it is claimed, was not honored, through an error.

VARIETY HALLS.

AT THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, L. I., for the week ending Feb. 10 the new arrivals were De Witt Cook, club-swinger; Masters Herbert and Joe Cawthorne, Crossley and Elder, athletes; Niles and Evans, song-and-dance; Stone and Emerson, Irish specialties; musical mokes; and the Wilkinson Brothers. Houses good.....The new faces at the Olympic were Misses Emma Moore, Sadie Dunbar, Maude Leigh, Little Josie, Collins and Turner, the Ethelthe Sisters, Miss Lilly Florence and James D. Boone. Business good.

CHARLES K. LAMONT advertises a new stump speech, also that he is prepared to furnish cheap negro-wigs, song-and-dance outfits, etc.

SHEEHAN AND JONES, Irish sketch artists, have been re-engaged to appear at the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich., March 5. They have a new sketch added to their repertory entitled "Irish Home." They open Feb. 12 in Toledo, O.

TRAPEZE, rings and club-acts are taught for the stage by Ripley, who advertises.

THOMAS R. WARD, "Happy Old Man" and sensational dancer, can be addressed care of this office.

MANAGERS desiring to engage Slavin's Georgia Cabin Singers, which are now under the management of the Seaside Sanitarium for Sick Children, can address J. R. Smith, business-manager, care of this office.

THE ROGERS COMBINATION performed in the Richmond (Va.) Theatre Feb. 9, 10. With some exceptions the company is a good one, and gave satisfaction to the few who saw them. The Miacos, Wm. Morton, Watson and Ellis and Jennie Misco are deserving of special mention. The company returned to Washington.....At the Theatre Comique, Mattie Bliss, who received a warm greeting, and Bradin and Dandiker opened Feb. 5. The two latter failed to please and their engagement was canceled the same evening. The new faces for the 12th are the Smith Sisters, Gussie and Kittie, and Wm. or Wentworth, contortionist. No departures. Business remains good.

AT THE METROPOLITAN, Indianapolis, Ind., H. W. Eagan assumed the stage-management during the absence of Mr. Lipman. Announced for Feb. 12: Miss Annie Fox, the Turners, Ella Frayne and Josie Zaufretta, and Rosella Edwards. Miss Annie Rindle, who in her character impersonations made a great hit last week, is re-engaged.

THOMAS AND WATSON, song-and-dance and sketch artists, open at the Theatre Comique, this city, April 9.

NEIL SMITH AND DOGS are now performing at the Theatre Comique, St. Louis, Mo., thence to Detroit, Mich., Feb. 19. They can be secured for the tenting season. Address as per card.

SHILLOW AND BYRNE can be engaged to appear in their Irish specialties, Lancashire clog and double jig by applying to their agents, Carlisle & Caverly, as per card.

THE ORRIN BROS., who will shortly visit Havana, Cuba, for a few weeks' stay, announce that they can be engaged on their return for the season of 1877. Managers and performers are requested by them to desist from using the name of Orrin Bros., where they are not engaged. Their permanent address is care of this office.

MCCOY & EMMETT are now the proprietors of the Academy of Music, Chicago, Ill., Wm. Emmett manager, and Wm. Pitzsimmons stage-manager and advertiser. Performers desiring engagements are requested to make application, stating lowest salary.

THE STATSON CHILDREN—Harry and Lizzie—aged five and seven years, song-and-dance, clog and jig dancers and vocalists, and their mother, Ella Martell, balladist, are now performing at McDaniels' Theatre, Cheyenne, W. T., where managers desiring to engage them can address.

THE OTHER SIDE.—With regard to Sinn's Continental Novelty Company, which recently collapsed in Bethlehem, Pa., Frank Gibson, the agent, writes us from Washington, D. C., under date of Feb. 7, to the following effect: "The company did not use the name of 'Sinn' in any way, shape, or form, and the agent did not decamp with the money. The company was called Transcontinental Novelty and Comedy Company. A person by the name of F. A. McClane of New York City, who was stage-struck, started out the company, and offered the agent for his services one-half of the profits after deducting the expenses. After being out nine days, the agent discovered that there was no money in the party, and left them in Easton, Pa., and went to Philadelphia. The company played the next night in Bethlehem, and collapsed, not being able to pay their bills, salaries, etc. The manager reported that the agent, on leaving, had taken all the money with him, and told the same story to the company when they asked for the salaries."

COURTNEY AND SHOWERS, double song-and-dance and clog artists, can be engaged for a traveling company or circus by applying care of this office.

THE HUDSON BROTHERS, acrobatic song-and-dance and clog-dancers, advertise for an engagement with a traveling company.

MRS. SHED LE CLAIR, who has been ill in San Francisco, Cal., for some time past, has entirely recovered.

INFORMATION of Master Charley Gardner is wanted by his parents, who can be addressed care of this office.

NED GIBBONS died of smallpox in Cheyenne, Wy. T., at 7 o'clock P. M., Jan. 31. He was an adopted son of Auie Gibbons. His real name was Henry Hennessy, and he was a native of New Orleans, La. He left a widow, who accompanied him to the post-house where he was taken when first attacked with the disease, some two weeks before his death, and she remained with him until his demise.

THE COLISEUM, ERIE, PA., opened Feb. 5 to a full house with the following artists: Minnie Gray in songs-and-dances; Annie Rochfort, scric-comic and sketch artist; Maggie Claire, vocalist; J. M. Shappard, song-and-dance; Archie White, comedian; Harry Fox, general performer. Proprietors, Phil. Diefenbach and Jacob Geib; manager, Harry Fox; leader of orchestra, Prof. John Clementz. Lady performers are wanted. See card.

A PIANIST who can lecture is wanted by "Panorama," address care of this office.

THE EDWARDS—Jas. S. and Katie—now performing at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, O., announce their first open date as June 11.

ISADORE DAVIDSON publishes his permanent address in another column.

TOMMY DAWSON, comedian, and Annie Ratelle, serio-comic vocalist, are ready to accept engagements to appear in their black and white face specialties. See card.

THE CAPITAL THEATRE, Harrisburg, Pa., will be opened Feb. 19. Variety performers, especially ladies, and a small orchestra are wanted. Address Harry Singer, business-manager.

GEO. W. VERE advertises that he is prepared to teach song-and-dance and Lancashire clog-dancing.

CELIA BERGEN'S Lady Minstrels and Lowell's "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe will commence their second annual tour Feb. 21. Variety artists and musicians desiring engagements are referred to Miss Berger's advertisement.

MARRIED ON THE STAGE.—David Mercer, professionally known as Ned Mason, Ethiopian comedian, and Miss Florence C. Edgerton, song-and-dancer, were married on the stage of the Academy of Music, South Bend, Ind., Feb. 5. Cards of invitation stated that the ceremony would be performed at 9 o'clock. The performances opened at the usual hour with a minstrel first-part. At about ten minutes before 9 o'clock the Rev. John L. Boyd, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, accompanied by his wife, entered the theatre and took a seat in the lower private-box on the left of the stage. At the conclusion of the first-part the curtain was lowered, and, after a few minutes' delay, was rung up. The orchestra began the wedding march, and the bridal party preceded by Will Middleton and Mlle. Rosa, stepped out upon the stage, the minister emerged from the box, and all was ready for the ceremony. A silence like the hush of prayer fell upon the audience. Men doffed their hats in that presence, and removed the cigars from their mouths. In a moment more of quiet, and then the calm, deep voice of the clergyman broke upon the ears of the assembly in the following solemn address:

"Marriage was instituted in the time of man's innocency, when the heart was pure, and when the Lord God pronounced that all he had made was good. It is therefore of both civil and religious obligation. The marriage scene was afterwards graced by the Great Master and Saviour of the world in the marriage at Cana of Galilee, and commended by the Apostle as "honorable in all men," and into which estate these parties now before us desire to enter. It should therefore be entered into reverently, discreetly, wisely, and in the fear of God; and if there be any reason why it cannot now so be done, it should be named, or forever hereafter hold peace by the bold."

The minister then approached the bridal pair, and performed the ceremony in the following words:

"David, you take this woman to be your lawful and wedded wife? Do you live with her according to the law of God, in love and honor, preferring her above all others, and keeping thee only unto her as long as you shall live?" The groom promptly responded: "I do." Then to the bride: "Florence, will you take this man to be your lawful and wedded husband? Will you live with him according to the ordinances of God so long as you shall live, in love and honor, preferring him above all others?" The bride responded as promptly: "I do." The minister then continued: "This being your desire, I pronounce you to be husband and wife. Join your right hands. What God has joined together let no man put asunder. By authority vested in me as a minister of the gospel, I pronounce you husband and wife, in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost; and may the God of love, mercy and peace dwell with you each forevermore."

Then turning to the audience, the minister addressed the Throne of Grace in prayer, in behalf of all present, as follows:

"Our merciful God, our Heavenly Father, let thy blessing according to our several necessities rest upon this assembly. Bless, we beseech thee, this act and office of our ministry. Bless these persons present and future and unborn, unless this evening formed, that life's great mission by such may be accomplished; and wilt Thou not bless this assembly, that we may all live to the great purpose whereunto Thou hast called us in life, so that when life with each of us is over we may all be gathered to the marriage-supper with the Lamb. Amen."

Turning to the newly-married couple, the minister congratulated them briefly. On taking the bride's hand, the minister recognized in her a former Sunday-school pupil and church member, to whom he had taught the way of life while pastor of the church at Plymouth, in that State. The bride, a pretty blonde, was attired in simple white muslin. Her golden ringlets, thrown back from her forehead, and bound with a wreath of orange-blossoms at the back, fell in a shining mass upon her shoulders. The groom was attired in a full-dress suit, quite in contrast with his appearance when doing business as interlocutor. At the conclusion of the ceremony the members of the troupe offered them their congratulations, and the two end-men, Dubois and Randall, dedicated the bride to her chosen profession by rubbing their blackened faces against her fair cheek. The happy pair were then toasted by the friends, and the affair was rounded up with the magnificent (Charles T. Murray of *The Herald* and N. Y. Brower of *The Register*, attached to the marriage certificate, as witnesses. Mr. Mason is manager of the Academy.

THAT STEREOTYPED OLD PHRASE, crowded houses, must be used for the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich., the past week, which opened on the 5th. Crumley and De Forrest, song-and-dance men of the break-neck style; and Charles Foster, in his own drama of "Saved at Seven," impersonating the Major. The play is full of fine effects and wit, and has made a big hit, the regular company furnishing unusually good support, particularly Nellie Haywood, Lottie Beaumont, Adelaide Stetson, W. J. Thompson, Chas. Chappel, Pat Reilly, Billy Sharp, Sheenan and Jones. Foster closes 10, also Crumley and De Forrest, whose places will be filled by the Fostelle Combination in "Fixion."

THE NEW NATIONAL VARIETY THEATRE, Philadelphia, was attended by large audiences last week. Jeppe and Fanny Delano in their vocal sketch entitled "Love at First Sight," and the latter in a solo on silver staff-bells, supplied a highly interesting portion of the programme, and were earnestly applauded. Many and John Kernell are very clever in their Irish specialties, also in the concluding burlesque extravaganza entitled "Mazeppa, or the Wild Horse of Lombard Street," Harry Kernell therein figuring in the title-role. The Big Four, Banker and Mills, and Harry and John Kernell closed on the 12th inst. The Austin Brothers, the Carrolls, and Frank and Eva Bennett open on the 12th inst.

THE ENTERTAINMENT presented at Enochs' Varieties, Philadelphia, during the week ending Feb. 10 included many interesting features: Adams and Lee, in their musical sketches; Burney and Marr, in song-and-dance; Miss Minnie Hall, in male impersonations; and the sensational sketches "Our Boarding-house" and "Tea" being the most noteworthy novelties. Harry and John Kernell make their appearance here Feb. 12: Minnie Clyde, Nellie Germon, Williams and Sully, Josh Wellington and Pete Estelle also appear. See card on the last-mentioned date.

AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN THEATRE, Philadelphia, business has been brisk during the past week. An excellent company have kept up the prestige of this establishment, the new faces thereof being Miss Fanny Davenport, a pleasing vocalist; Charles Hermann, Irish comedian; Miss Gray in musical sketches, and Frank Lewis, whose motto songs are very popular. J. K. Campbell, John Morrissey, Emma Brennan and Millie Pyne commence on the 12th inst.

JOHN PENDY—the well-known comic vocalist—now at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, is said to have entered into a matrimonial alliance on the 4th inst. with a New York lady.

THE PARISIAN VARIETIES, Eleventh and Wood streets, Philadelphia, was reopened on the evening of the 10th inst., by Harry Martin, with Harry Drew as the stage-manager.

FRANK SCHAEFFER, the leader of the orchestra at the Grand Central Variety Theatre, Philadelphia, was publicly presented with a handsome basket of flowers on the evening of the 7th inst., Harry Guion making one of his happy speeches on behalf of the donor.

THE COMPANY of the Winter Garden Theatre, Philadelphia, under the direction of Gus Clark, gave a performance on the afternoon of the 7th inst. for the benefit of the insane inmates of the almshouse in that city.

SPECIALTY ARTISTS can procure engagements at the New National Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., by addressing George W. Thompson, manager, as per card.

ERSA ROBESON is performing this week at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass.

L. W. VERBURNE'S TROUPE will show in Bergen, N. Y., Feb. 14, Le Roy 15, Mount Morris 16, Dansville 17, Hornellsville 19, Wellsville 20, Olean 21. Tony Richardson joins the company on the 14th. A B flat cornet player is advertised for.

THE JOINT BENEFIT of Jerry Taylor and N. B. Fithian at the new National Theatre, Philadelphia, on the afternoon of the 8th inst., was not as pecuniarily successful as the beneficiaries deserved.

PROF. ARNOLD and nine ladies who are to appear in tableaux living are to begin an engagement in New Haven, Ct., Feb. 12. They have just closed an engagement at the Parisian Varieties, in this city.

HENRY G. RICHMOND commences an engagement at the New National Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 19.

HUMMER, Hoyle, and Master Jess, dancing musicians, publish their address in another column.

ENOS WELLINGTON and La Petite Estelle, who have just closed an engagement at the Avenue Theatre, Washington, D. C., have returned to Enoch's Varieties, Philadelphia. Managers are referred to their card in our business department.

A. S. LIPMAN has assumed the management of the Metropolitan Theatre, Louisville, Ky. Artists are requested to address him for dates as per card of Simon McCarthy, lessee.

AT NOONAN'S VARIETIES Philadelphia, business has been good during the past week, Sallie Eldridge's benefit on the 8th inst. being largely attended. Ned Dearie and Fanny Duane closed here on the 10th inst. The new faces are Allie Davis and Annie Johnson.

Memento Mori.

NED GIBBONS, DIED FEB. 1, 1877, CHEYENNE, W. TER.

Once more the dread summons that all must obey
Has been heard in its stern, solemn power.
Proclaiming the end of some mortal's brief time,
The close of life's fitful hour.

All-powerful in its harsh, dismal decree,
To our hearts gloom and misery bringing;
For a friend has "passed on," and deep in our souls
A low dirge of sadness is singing.

Our grief-stricken thoughts in vain try to solve
The mysterious "passing away;"
One day with health, spirits, and ambition bright,
And the next naught but cold, mortal clay.

Good keep thee, poor Ned! is the prayer of us all;
God bless thee with His peace and love;
And may the deep pain of thy life's closing scenes
Be repaid by His comfort above!

Denver, Col. C. M. C., Theatre Comique.

LARGE AUDIENCES continue to be attracted to the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I. Drew and Lawton were the only new people Feb. 5, and they were finely received in their songs-and-dances. "The Naiad Queen" was the main feature of the performance. It was well put on the stage, and gave the best of satisfaction. The departures 10 were Andy and Annie Hughes, who go to the Boylston Museum, Boston; Drew and Lawton, who rest the present week. Announced for 12 are the Lynn Sisters, N. B. Shimer, Goldie Steele, E. H. Lay, Sallie St. Clair. James Albach, the treasurer, had a large house at his benefit 7. Advices of Feb. 11.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Galveston, Texas, the fresh people during the week ending Feb. 3 were Miss Vernie Vernon, and Gordon and Moran—two Galveston newsboys—who received a very hearty reception, which was certainly well deserved, their dancing throughout being excellent. Larry Dooley gave a fine picture of the aged darky; Murphy and Mack were very amusing as the Irish hod-carriers; Collins and Moore's specialty of "Rebecca Jane" took immensely. Business moderate. Departures: Ida Carlisle, to New Orleans; Larry Dooly, Gordon and Moran, destination unknown. Announced for Feb. 5: The McLean Sisters, J. C. Gibbons and Kitty Celeste. Letter of Feb. 5.

THE PROGRAMME at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., the past week, included Will H. Stowe, Thatcher and Hume, Fanny Douglass, John D. Kelly, Kittie Rowell, John Raynor, Bertie De Courcy, J. L. Manning, Clara Esty, and Morris and Fields. Departures 10: Clara Esty, Will H. Stowe, and Fanny Douglas, to Pittsburg. Arrivals 12: Shaffer and Slavin, Senorita Gonzales, Fanny Lorane, Kitty Palmer, and Mr. and Mrs. Julian Kent and trained bear Julia.

A PROTEAN DRAMA, suitable for a lady star, sketches, etc., are offered for sale by Edwin Parkes, who advertises.

C. A. LODER in Teutonic specialties is meeting with success at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa. His first open date is March 19. Managers will find his address in another column.

BARNEY DACTON, comedian, and Annie Ratelle, serio-comic vocalist, are ready to accept engagements to appear in their black and white face specialties. See card.

THE CAPITAL THEATRE, Harrisburg, Pa., will be opened Feb. 19. Variety performers, especially ladies, and a small orchestra are wanted. Address Harry Singer, business-manager.

GEO. W. VERE advertises that he is prepared to teach song-and-dance and Lancashire clog-dancing.

CELIA BERGEN'S Lady Minstrels and Lowell's "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe will commence their second annual tour Feb. 21. Variety artists and musicians desiring engagements are referred to Miss Berger's advertisement.

MARRIED ON THE STAGE.—David Mercer, professionally known as Ned Mason, Ethiopian comedian, and Miss Florence C. Edgerton, song-and-dancer, were married on the stage of the Academy of Music, South Bend, Ind., Feb. 5. Cards of invitation stated that the ceremony would be performed at 9 o'clock. The performances opened at the usual hour with a minstrel first-part. At about ten minutes before 9 o'clock the Rev. John L. Boyd, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, accompanied by his wife, entered the theatre and took a seat in the lower private-box on the left of the stage. At the conclusion of the first-part the curtain was lowered, and, after a few minutes' delay, was rung up. The orchestra began the wedding march, and the bridal party preceded by Will Middleton and Mlle. Rosa, stepped out upon the stage, the minister emerged from the box, and all was ready for the ceremony. A silence like the hush of prayer fell upon the audience. Men doffed their hats in that presence, and removed the cigars from their mouths. In a moment more of quiet, and then the calm, deep voice of the clergyman broke upon the ears of the assembly in the following solemn address:

"Marriage was instituted in the time of man's innocency, when the heart was pure, and when the Lord God pronounced that all he had made was good. It is therefore of both civil and religious obligation. The marriage scene was afterwards graced by the Great Master and Saviour of the world in the marriage at Cana of Galilee, and commended by the Apostle as "honorable in all men," and into which estate these parties now before us desire to enter. It should therefore be entered into reverently, discreetly, wisely, and in the fear of God; and if there be any reason why it cannot now so be done, it should be named, or forever hereafter hold peace by the bold."

The minister then approached the bridal pair, and performed the ceremony in the following words:

"David, you take this woman to be your lawful and wedded wife? Do you live with her according to the law of God, in love and honor, preferring her above all others, and keeping thee only unto her as long as you shall live?" The groom promptly responded: "I do." Then to the bride: "Florence, will you take this man to be your lawful and wedded husband? Will you live with him according to the ordinances of God so long as you shall live, in love and honor, preferring him above all others?" The bride responded as promptly: "I do." The minister then continued: "This being your desire, I pronounce you to be husband and wife. Join your right hands. What God has joined together let no man put asunder. By authority vested in me as a minister of the gospel, I pronounce you husband and wife, in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost; and may the God of love, mercy and peace dwell with you each forevermore."

Then turning to the audience, the minister addressed the Throne of Grace in prayer, in behalf of all present, as follows:

"Our merciful God, our Heavenly Father, let thy blessing according to our several necessities rest upon this assembly. Bless, we beseech thee, this act and office of our ministry. Bless these persons present and future and unborn, unless this evening formed, that life's great mission by such may be accomplished; and wilt Thou not bless this assembly, that we may all live to the great purpose whereunto Thou hast called us in life, so that when life with each of us is over we may all be gathered to the marriage-supper with the Lamb. Amen."

Turning to the newly-married couple, the minister congratulated them briefly. On taking the bride's hand, the minister recognized in her a former Sunday-school pupil and church member, to whom he had taught the way of life while pastor of the church at Plymouth, in that State. The bride, a pretty blonde, was attired in simple white muslin. Her golden ringlets, thrown back from her forehead, and bound with a wreath of orange-blossoms at the back, fell in a shining mass upon her shoulders. The groom was attired in a full-dress suit, quite in contrast with his appearance when doing business as interlocutor. At the conclusion of the ceremony the members of the troupe offered them their congratulations, and the two end-men, Dubois and Randall, dedicated the bride to her chosen profession by rubbing their blackened faces against her fair cheek. The happy pair were then toasted by the friends, and the affair was rounded up with the magnificent (Charles T. Murray of *The Herald* and N. Y. Brower of *The Register*, attached to the marriage certificate, as witnesses. Mr. Mason is manager of the Academy.

THAT STEREOTYPED OLD PHRASE, crowded houses, must be used for the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich., the past week, which opened on the 5th. Crumley and De Forrest, song-and-dance men of the break-neck style; and Charles Foster, in his own drama of "Saved at Seven," impersonating the Major. The play is full of fine effects and wit, and has made a big hit, the regular company furnishing unusually good support, particularly Nellie Haywood, Lottie Beaumont, Adelaide Stetson, W. J. Thompson, Chas. Chappel, Pat Reilly, Billy Sharp, Sheenan and Jones. Foster closes 10, also Crumley and De Forrest, whose places will be filled by the Fostelle Combination in "Fixion."

THE NEW NATIONAL VARIETY THEATRE, Philadelphia, was attended by large audiences last week. Jeppe and Fanny Delano in their vocal sketch entitled "Love at First Sight," and the latter in a solo on silver staff-bells, supplied a highly interesting portion of the programme, and were earnestly applauded. Many and John Kernell are very clever in their Irish specialties, also in the concluding burlesque extravaganza entitled "Mazeppa, or the Wild Horse of Lombard Street," Harry Kernell therein figuring in the title-role. The Big Four, Banker and Mills, and Harry and John Kernell closed on the 12th inst. The Austin Brothers, the Carrolls, and Frank and Eva Bennett open on the 12th inst.

THE ENTERTAINMENT presented at Enochs' Varieties, Philadelphia, during the week ending Feb. 10 included many interesting features: Adams and Lee, in their musical sketches; Burney and Marr, in song-and-dance; Miss Minnie Hall, in male impersonations; and the sensational sketches "Our Boarding-house" and "Tea" being the most noteworthy novelties. Harry and John Kernell make their appearance here Feb. 12: Minnie Clyde, Nellie Germon, Williams and Sully, Josh Wellington and Pete Estelle also appear. See card on the last-mentioned date.

AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN THEATRE, Philadelphia, business has been brisk during the past week. An excellent company have kept up the prestige of this establishment, the new faces thereof being Miss Fanny Davenport, a pleasing vocalist; Charles Hermann, Irish comedian; Miss Gray in musical sketches, and Frank Lewis, whose motto songs are very popular. J. K. Campbell, John Morrissey, Emma Brennan and Millie Pyne commence on the 12th inst.

JOHN PENDY—the well-known comic vocalist—now at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, is said to have entered into a matrimonial alliance on the 4th inst. with a New York lady.

THE PARISIAN VARIETIES, Eleventh and Wood streets, Philadelphia, was reopened on the evening of the 10th inst., by Harry Martin, with Harry Drew as the stage-manager.

FRANK SCHAEFFER, the leader of the orchestra at the Grand Central Variety Theatre, Philadelphia, was publicly presented with a handsome basket of flowers on the evening of the 7th inst., Harry Guion making one of his happy speeches on behalf of the donor.

THE COMPANY of the Winter Garden Theatre, Philadelphia, under the direction of Gus Clark, gave a performance on the afternoon of the 7th inst. for the benefit of the insane inmates of the almshouse in that city.

SPECIALTY ARTISTS can procure engagements at the New National Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., by addressing George W. Thompson, manager, as per card.

ERSA ROBESON is performing this week at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass.

L. W. VERBURNE'S TROUPE will show in Bergen, N. Y., Feb. 14, Le Roy 15, Mount Morris 16, Dansville 17, Hornellsville 19, Wellsville 20, Olean 21. Tony Richardson joins the company on the 14th. A B flat cornet player is advertised for.

THE JOINT BENEFIT of Jerry Taylor and N. B. Fithian at the new National Theatre, Philadelphia, on the afternoon of the 8th inst., was not as pecuniarily successful as the beneficiaries deserved.

PROF. ARNOLD and nine ladies who are to appear in tableaux living are to begin an engagement in New Haven, Ct., Feb. 12. They have just closed an engagement at the Parisian Varieties, in this city.

HENRY G. RICHMOND commences an engagement at the New National Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 19.

HUMMER, Hoyle, and Master Jess, dancing musicians, publish their address in another column.

ENOS WELLINGTON and La Petite Estelle, who have just closed an engagement at the Avenue Theatre, Washington, D. C., have returned to Enoch's Varieties, Philadelphia. Managers are referred to their card in our business department.

A. S. LIPMAN has assumed the management of the Metropolitan Theatre, Louisville, Ky. Artists are requested to address him for dates as per card of Simon McCarthy, lessee.

AT NOONAN'S VARIETIES Philadelphia, business has been good during the past week, Sallie Eldridge's benefit on the 8th inst. being largely attended. Ned Dearie and Fanny Duane closed here on the 10th inst. The new faces are Allie Davis and Annie Johnson.

THE BANKS—Joe and Dollie—now traveling with Cool Burgess' Troupe through Canada, are reported to be meeting with success. Their address and a list of their specialties are published in another column.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, New Haven, Ct., during the past week the company included Loo, Sophia Victoria, the Hassan Sisters, the De Vere Brothers, Ida Rivington, Carrie Boshell, Miss Campbell, and Joe Buckley.

A CORRESPONDENT in Bridgeport, Ct., desires to know why some manager does not open a variety theatre there. He says there are two excellent halls which can be had for the purpose, and that all the manufactories will be running in full blast in about two weeks.

THE NEW PEOPLE at Shelby's Adelphi, Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 5 were "Doc" Kennedy, an old Buffalo favorite, who received a warm welcome, and appeared in recitations and sketches; Maggie Gray, serio-comic; Somers and Kirk in their sketch "Rehearsal at 10 A. M.," introducing their various specialties; John Reilly in Irish specialties; Nully Pieris, in songs; Harry Kennedy, in ventriloquism; and D. L. Morris, in an afterpiece, "Dutch Justice," filled out the bill. At Dan Shelby's benefit, matinee and evening of Feb. 9, the beneficiary, Charles E. Worley, Pete Dalton, and the Starin Bros. appeared, in addition to the above, to the biggest business of this or any other season. Chas. E. Worley fairly divided the honors of the evening in his sketch "No Cure, No Pay." Closed 10: Ed. and Alice Murray, to Pittsburg; Somers and Kirk, Philadelphia; Loyal lays off, and John Reilly goes to New York. Announced for 12: Joe and Herbert Cawthorne, Niles and Evans, Chas. Edwards, Conroy and Daly. The Starin Bros. were in last week's CLIPPER announced by your correspondent "as substitutes" for that week for Woodville and Moore, who failed to arrive. This was an error—they had been booked several weeks before. Advices of Feb. 11.

AT THE ADELPHI, Toledo, O., the new people Feb. 5 were Mr. and Mrs. Julian Kent, in the drama of "Wild Bill," introducing a trained bear Julia; Harry and Mary Thompson, in Dutch acts; Treadwell and Byrne, in songs-and-dances. Closing 10: McVicker and Saunders, to New York; Treadwell and Byrne, in songs-and-dances. Closing 10: McVicker and Saunders, to New York; Treadwell and Byrne, and Dora and Son, to Cincinnati; Mr. Kent and wife to Cleveland, and Della Renard, unknown. Opening 12: Belle Morton, W. N. Griffith, Sheehan and Jones, Three Crawfords, Tillie Antonio and Belle Grayson.....At the Comique there were no new arrivals. J. Z. Little opens 12. The Fostelles,

TERMS.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.

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Chronicle of Important Theatrical Events for the Year 1876

Sporting Chronology for 1876.

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A List of Theatres Destroyed by Fire.

Astronomical.

Calculations of Eclipses, the Four Seasons, Morning and Evening Stars, Chronological Cycles, Movable Festivals, etc., Planets, Apparent and Mean Time, Rise and Fall of Tide.

Racing Calendar.

Winners of the Derby since 1822, Oxford and Cambridge Eight-oared Boat-race since 1839, English Championship for Professional Oarsmen.

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THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.
THE DANCING GIRL.
THE MAD POET'S GRAVE IN GREENWOOD.
THE CHASE IN OLD GAUL.
THE RAW MATERIAL—"MY ONLY COMIC SONG."
THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.
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NOTICE TO MANAGERS and the profession visiting Logansport, Ind. We, the undersigned, cheerfully recommend the GERKING HOUSE, THE SHOWMAN'S FRIEND, as the proprietor takes interest and does all he can to make his house the home of professionals. Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels, Jas. Haywood's New York Sarsenakers, Dargon's Dramatic Company, R. E. Stevens' Combination, Harry Robinson's Minstrels and many others. 37-13t

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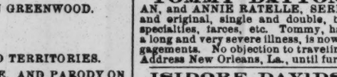

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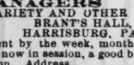
BANJO! 

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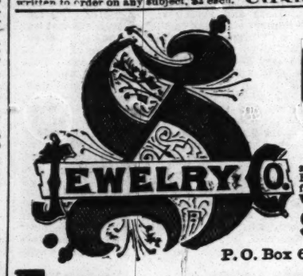

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